HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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SERGEANT HELMES RAISING THE COLORS OF THE 107TH NEW YORK REGIMENT OVER THE CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, [illegible]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

THE NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! There are few faithful American citizens who can doubt that the new year will be a happy one, because it will see the virtual overthrow of the rebellion against the principle of free popular constitutional government; the restoration of the Union, and the destruction of the only present cause of national danger.

This is the moment of the year when men examine their moral, social, and financial accounts; when they form good resolutions; when some men begin new lives, and magazines and journals begin new volumes. The Ninth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY opens with this Number. Begun as a literary and social weekly journal with occasional illustrations, it has become a pictorial history of the times, taking part in the great national debate which has been carried on in the battle-field and in the political arena.

When HARPER'S WEEKLY was first issued party-spirit was fierce, and two great parties were contending, constitutionally, as was believed, for the possession of the Government. The WEEKLY maintained a strict party neutrality, and aimed to interest and entertain men of all parties. But when the political debate ended and parties were annihilated by the war waged by a faction against the nation and Government, a war which imperiled every public and private interest, the WEEKLY declared for the cause of the country, and has maintained that cause ever since, and will continue to maintain it until, by God's grace and the patriotic valor of American citizens, it is permanently secure.

The WEEKLY has defended the administration of President LINCOLN not only because it was the constitutional administration, but because its measures for the salvation of the country have seemed entirely honest and generally wise. It advocated Mr. LINCOLN'S re-election for many reasons, a single one of which was sufficient—namely, that he represented the policy of an unconditional maintenance of the Government, and his adversary did not. It rejoiced in the result not for the personal success of its candidate, but for the overwhelming evidence given in the election of the strength of the free popular system and of the patriotic purpose of the people.

Grateful to the army and navy, by whose brave hands, skillfully directed, the great war has been and still is fought, it has been the pleasure and privilege of the WEEKLY to depict the famous battles, and the heroes on sea and land, by which the salvation of the country is achieved. It has thus been in peaceful homes a constantly renewed monument of the bravery and suffering which preserved that peace, and in the camp and on the deck a regular messenger of the unfailing sympathy and interest with which the soldiers and sailors are followed at home. Withal, the WEEKLY has not omitted its literary miscellany or its careful digest of news.

It is but another sign of the fidelity of the people to their own Government that the course of the paper has been so cordially approved, that its circulation has greatly increased despite the withdrawal of its former Southern support. Thankful for its prosperity, and for the causes of it, and hoping still to retain that public sympathy which springs from a common devotion to the Union and the principles of the United States Government, HARPER'S WEEKLY utters to all its friends the wish, which it believes will be a prophecy, of A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SAVANNAH.

"LOOK out for me about Christmas," wrote SHERMAN, as he began his great march through Georgia, of which we present a series of illustrations to-day, and which culminated in the capture of Savannah upon the 22d December. The rebel General HARDEE, with the bulk of his army, escaped; but General SHERMAN captured one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives, one hundred and ninety cars, three steamers, a large quantity of ammunition and materials of war, and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton.

This is the triumphant completion of a campaign which, at its beginning, every one must have felt to be daring and dangerous, and which, seen from Europe, appeared in its just proportions as one of the great military movements of modern times. Its success was clearly seen to be the proof of fatal weakness in the rebel section and to foretell the doom of the rebellion—and it has succeeded. It is a success which can not be extenuated or explained away. General SHERMAN and his army moved from Chattanooga to Atlanta because neither JOHNSTON, nor HOOD, nor JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor the rebel Confederacy could help themselves. And SHERMAN and his men made "an agreeable march" from Atlanta to Savannah because the people of Georgia did not care to help themselves. He masked his movement, indeed, so that the fat wits of soldiers like HOWELL COBB never knew where his main body was nor whither he was going. But if the people of Georgia had been "fired," as at some times during the war they have undoubtedly been, they would have desolated the whole region, the richest belt of Georgia, through which his course lay, and impeding his advance by the total destruction of roads, crops, and bridges, his march would have been delayed, and its issue most uncertain.

As it is, the campaign of SHERMAN from the first of May to the end of December, from Chattanooga to Savannah, is the most remarkable in American annals. The skill and celerity with which, by incessant strategy, he pushed JOHNSTON back upon his own ground, naturally favorable for defense and carefully defended, and the equal skill with which, wrapping himself in a cloud, he passed resistlessly from Atlanta to the sea, will be a military study sure always to kindle admiration and surprise. The chapters of future history which recount this campaign will be the strangest and most picturesque of the war. The man whose name it bears will be forever memorable in his country.

The consequence of the capture of Savannah is exactly that of the capture of New Orleans and Fort Donelson and Vicksburg and Atlanta and Chattanooga, of the opening of the Mississippi and the occupation of Mobile Bay, and the march from the north of the Rapidan to the south of the James and the Shenandoah victories and the terrible rout of HOOD—that is, the consequence is the suppression of the rebellion. JEFFERSON DAVIS declares that all such captures and successes are of no importance. His allies at the North echo his words. He and they inform us that as the rebels never mean to be subdued, all steps toward subduing them are useless. But we can not repeat too often that such talk is mere folly. Does any belligerent ever mean to be subdued? Do JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Northern parrots suppose that their loud vociferation of fighting to the death is a very persuasive argument, in view of the march through Georgia made "agreeable" by the fact that the people of that State do *not* mean to fight to the death?

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his crew may be as gentlemanly and solemnly resolved as their Northern friends announce, but the laws of nature continue to operate nevertheless. And when the strategic points of the rebel section are held by the national army, and the rebel forces are dispersed, and the jealousies that attend a losing cause begin to develop, and the truth of the whole question begins to shine into the darkened mind of the Southern States, the chief leaders will begin to escape, the war will dwindle into guerrilla fighting, and peace will gradually come again, as slowly, perhaps, but not less surely than Spring will follow this Winter.

JOHN BULL UPON SHERMAN.

THE most amusing reading of the day is the British press upon SHERMAN'S march. That he is a great fool or a great military genius is the general verdict, with all the chances in favor of the former view.

The London *Saturday Review*, for instance, the organ of the dilettante aristocratic sympathy with Slavery and the armed attempt to extend and confirm its deadly hold upon this continent, remarks, after a careful statement of its theory of the necessity and causes of the movement, a statement which is made with the evident fear of SHERMAN'S success: "If, however, SHERMAN is baffled in his undertaking, the balance of advantage during the past year will have been largely in favor of the Confederates." That is a piece of news for which we trust the rebels will be duly grateful. "On the other hand," it continues, "Richmond would be in imminent danger if SHERMAN succeeded in reaching Beaufort with a large and effective army. It would be almost impossible, against such an addition to the enemy's force, for LEE to maintain his communications with the South and with the West. Yet in the last resort, he could easily secure a retreat into Tennessee, where the Federals are already hard pressed by some of his officers"—General HOOD, for instance.

"The war," it continues, "would certainly not be terminated by the loss of Virginia, *if* [there is virtue in an *if*] the entire country to the west of the mountains and to the frontier of Kentucky were occupied by the Confederates. ......If LEE were forced to evacuate Richmond, he would probably be able to reconquer Nashville, which is already annoyed, if not seriously threatened by the operations of Confederate detachments."

This "if" and "probably," the exact value of which we can now see, are the only crumbs of comfort the *Saturday Review* throws its rebel friends in their dire extremity.

On the other hand, the London *Spectator*, friendly to our Government, has a masterly review of the vast difficulties and dangers which beset SHERMAN'S march, "an episode calculated to make men who are not Americans hold their breath." It continues: "Only a singular combination of circumstances could make such an enterprise a hopeful or even a possible one;" and then proceeds to a careful review of the favorable chances. At the close of this the *Spectator* says that if SHERMAN takes Charleston or Savannah, "the South loses one more city, one more centre of supplies, one more cause for the confidence which supports her people. Her territory will have been traversed by an invading army from west to east, her noblest State will be threatened by a formidable invasion from south as well as north, and her whole power may, if the success is followed up, be cut in two. On the other hand, if General SHERMAN is defeated, the North loses her finest army and one of her most efficient Generals, but her territory, her people, and her resources remain absolutely intact. The risk in any view is a fearful one, but it is by the successful running of such risks that great campaigns are won and great Generals extort from the world unwilling recognition. There is not a General now alive in Europe who, if SHERMAN succeeds, will not recognize the addition of one more name to the short list of first-class leaders of armies."

SHERMAN has succeeded, and his success more than justifies the expectation of the *Spectator*, which will now probably withdraw the opening remark of its article that no commanding genius in war has been developed upon either side.

MR. DAYTON AND MR. NOYES.

BY the death of WILLIAM L. DAYTON and WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES this country loses two of its most faithful, characteristic, and useful citizens. Their various ability, their profound and earnest convictions, their noble consecration of fine powers to the purest purpose, are known to all who knew them, and in the story of this trying time will remain honored and conspicuous.

But there was especially in each of them the distinctive characteristics of our nationality. They were both of them men who believed in the original rights of men and the capacity of the people to frame and maintain a constitutional government, and the consequent necessity of public education and the elevation of the public morality. In Paris Mr. DAYTON succeeded a series of ministers who, either holding slaves themselves or apologizing for Slavery, could not possibly represent that faith in human rights and the political capacity of the people which distinguishes America from every other country in the world. The political and social philosophy of Mr. DAYTON'S immediate predecessors was not only European but medieval and feudal, and no man who believed in the principle of the American Government, as held by FRANKLIN, our first Minister in Paris, could fail to see that such persons as JOHN Y. MASON, WILLIAM C. RIVES, and CHARLES J. FAULKNER fundamentally disbelieved it.

JOHN SLIDELL represents in Paris to-day exactly the spirit, purpose, and political faith which were formerly represented by RIVES, MASON, and FAULKNER—a faith and purpose which every humane and liberal Frenchman who understands it sincerely despises, and a spirit which is essentially hostile to that of our Government. In the midst of the foul intrigues of American gamblers, slaveholders, adventurers, and old partisan tricksters, of whom JOHN SLIDELL is a type, the manly earnestness and honest courtesy and noble principles of WILLIAM L. DAYTON were as purifying as a north wind in the hot miasma of a swamp. He was himself a vindication of the cause of the American Union and Liberty, as SLIDELL is an illustration of that of national ruin and slavery.

So likewise, in the city of New York, Mr. NOYES serenely kept the same faith and showed it in his career. There was no wiser counselor in politics or in law. He was neither timid nor extravagant, and never failed upon due occasion to speak his faith with that tranquil sincerity and plain dignity which are finer than eloquence. Technically speaking, Mr. NOYES was not in public life; but when he was sent as a delegate from New York to the Peace Conference in 1861, his position was so purely patriotic, and all he said was so wise, and firm, and lofty that in the record of its meetings no truer statesman appears.

When such men die their country is bereaved. In a time of civil war their fall is like that of tried Generals in battle. For their harmonious lives and words inspire the faith and the courage which make armies irresistible, and confirm in the national heart that purpose which saves the nation and civil liberty together.

RETALIATION.

IF we were at war with cannibals who ate alive the prisoners whom they took from our armies, we could not retaliate in kind. If we were fighting Indians who burned their captives at the stake, we could not retaliate in kind. We are at war with men whom the long habit of enslaving other men has imbruted and barbarized, and who starve and freeze to death the prisoners who fall into their hands. Of the fact there can be no reasonable doubt. The testimony is conclusive. Nor is there any reason why men who do not hesitate in time of peace to force other men to work for them without wages, that they may live in idleness and call themselves "gentlemen," should be reluctant to expose their prisoners to starvation. It is not so barbarous to starve a prisoner who has been fighting against you as it is to whip a man to death because he will not work for you for nothing.

What ought to be done? It is a question which is constantly asked and is not easy to answer. It is estimated that we have some sixty thousand rebel prisoners, and that the rebels have about forty-five thousand loyal men in their hands. If we exchange them man for man we give the staggering rebellion a fresh army. That is one of the purposes of the rebel starvation of our men. Yet how can we relieve their unhappy condition if they are not exchanged?

Retaliation is a policy authorized by the customs of all nations. It has its limits of course. With us the object of retaliation would be to put an end to the torture of loyal men. But it could not use torture as a means. Northern men would not tolerate it. They are not used to seeing women whipped for so loving their children as to try to save them from being sold at the shambles, and they could not starve helpless men to death.

But if retaliation does not admit torture it does allow death. Retaliation need not necessarily be in kind. If it be wise to resort to it at all in the present instance—and of that there must always be a question—then for the Union prisoners put to death by the slow agony of starvation and exposure, certain designated rebel prisoners should be shot to death. When two Union officers were to be hung in Richmond the prompt order of the Government that two rebel officers in our hands should suffer the same fate saved our men. So when the rebel officers were placed in the trenches before Charleston, it procured the release of Union officers who had been put under fire. And when retaliation on either side has been carried to extremity it has not occasioned a general massacre, as some unwise persons predicted.

The question at best is very difficult. No Government ought to be severely censured either for refusing to reinforce its enemy's army, or for declining to destroy prisoners of war. To justify retaliation in the abstract is very easy: to advise it in a specific instance is to assume a very solemn responsibility.

PARDON OF MRS. HUTCHINS.

IT would be a great satisfaction to know why the President has pardoned Mrs. HUTCHINS, a woman of Baltimore, who gave a sword to HARRY GILMORE, the leader of the raiders into Maryland last summer, and by reputation one of the most active and malignant of rebel emissaries and abettors. Upon trial and conviction she was sentenced a few weeks since to five years' imprisonment, and now she is turned loose again, nor is there any intimation that she is to be sent beyond the lines.

A woman like this Mrs. HUTCHINS may, and constantly does, give the information that MOSBY and every guerrilla marauder most desires, and which is of the utmost service to DAVIS and LEE at Richmond. From the beginning of the war, from Mrs. GREENHOW down to Mrs. HUTCHINS, women have been, because of their sex, the most useful agents of the traitors, and they have very seldom been punished, although in a few instances they have been sent to the rebels.

How many a precious, noble, loyal life have such women virtually taken! To how many massacres have they not directly shown the way! Of what infinite sorrow to private hearts, and of injury to the public welfare, have they not been the occasion!

Of course in the absence of all other knowledge than the public announcements of Mrs. HUTCHINS'S crime, trial, sentence, imprisonment, for five years, and release at the end of five weeks, we have no right and no disposition to do more than suggest that in such cases it is very easy, and would greatly conduce to public satisfaction, if the Government would state briefly the reasons of the respite. It would cost no more time or trouble than the announcement that a Colonel is promoted to be General for heroic conduct in a battle, and it would certainly greatly relieve the minds and hearts of those whose sons and brothers may have been killed in resisting HARRY GILMORE'S raid, to know why his accomplice is set free. The fact of the release gratifies Mrs. HUTCHINS'S friends. To know the reason would satisfy the friends of her victims.

LITERARY.

"Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux," by CHARLES FRANCIS HALL (HARPER & BROTHERS). This is a peculiarly fresh and delightful book. The childlike simplicity and earnestness of Mr. HALL give a charm to his words which recalls the Swiss Family Robinson and Robinson Crusoe. Living in Ohio, far from the sea, his mind and heart are interested by the story of the search for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. His imagination is oppressed by the horror of the absolute uncertainty that rests upon the explorer's fate, and he feels himself called to penetrate the mystery as clearly as any knight of old was called to fight for the holy sepulchre. He is persuaded that, as traditions of remote events had long survived among the Esquimaux, there must be true stories of the fate of FRANKLIN, which can be ascertained only by living among them, and obtaining such familiarity with their language, and such friendly relations with them, that they would frankly tell all they knew. No relics could tell the tale. He is sure that the truth lives only in the

legends of the region. So the resolute, simple-hearted man makes his way to the sea-board; interests the friends of Arctic research; finally procures two vessels and a convenient boat, and sails for Greenland. He pushes further on into the icy kingdom of the Esquimaux, with whom he domesticates himself after one of his vessels and his convenient boat are destroyed by a storm. Regarding his residence merely as preparatory, he devoted himself to learning the language and the life of the inhabitants, and returned home after two years' absence, to start anew with the advantages of the two years wisely spent in preparation upon the spot; and with that purpose sailed again last June, and is now fulfilling his plans near the Pole. This volume is the record of the two years' training. It contains not only the most striking incidents of adventure, told with inexpressible *naiveté*, but also the most interesting and comprehensive account of the Esquimaux. Mr. HALL is evidently of RAREY's opinion. Kindness is the surest key to confidence. He believes that the Arctic race is friendly, and he finds it so. His description of the Esquimaux is very touching. The warmth of their affections and a mild docility of character make them very attractive. If Mr. HALL does not find the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN he will have discovered and revealed to us the inhabitants of the region; and we close his book heartily wishing that all the embassadors of civilization to the twilight races might be as sagacious, truthful, and devoted as this delightful traveler.

"The Queens of Song, etc.; to which is added a Chronological List of all the Operas that have been performed in Europe, by ELLEN CREATHORNE CLAYTON, with Portraits." (HARPER & BROTHERS.) This is a collection of brief, entertaining biographies of all the most famous *prime donne* from Katherine Tofts, in 1703, when Opera was introduced in England, down to Louisa Pyne and Mademoiselle Tietjens, who are still living and singing. The memoirs are written with great spirit, and the work is a capital "parlor-window book," or fireside companion. It is bright, chatty, gossipy, full of curious and interesting details of private and national life. Many of the best *mots* of Sophie Arnould are preserved here. Hearing one day that a Capuchin monk had been devoured by wolves, "Poor beasts!" said she, compassionately, "hunger must be a dreadful thing!" To a lady remarkable for beauty and silliness, who complained that she could not get rid of her lovers, Sophie said that she could easily do it if she chose. The lady besought her to tell her how. "You have only to open your mouth and speak," was the reply. She met a doctor going to see a patient, with a gun under his arm. "What! Doctor," said Sophie, "are your ordinary resources failing?" The American admirers of Alboni, of Bosio, Sontag, Cinti, Damoreau, Mrs. Wood, Grisi, Malibran, Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, Piccolomini, and Louisa Pyne will find here plenty of pleasant information about all those Queens of Song.

"The Gentle Life" (WALTER LOW, New York). This is a volume printed and bound in exquisite taste, a truly beautiful book, containing a series of brief and pleasant essays, which have been so popular in England that they have quickly passed through several editions. They are so generally genial and agreeable that the writer should have spared us his remark that our government is a failure. But he had not heard from Georgia and Tennessee. Such remarks, however, are merely blemishes upon a book of fireside essays which are very sure to be welcome in all cultivated circles.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BULLETINS OF THE HOSPITALS.

THE lady whose countenance fell on the receipt of a telegram, stating that her husband would not be home from the city till late, has undergone an operation and is pronounced out of danger.

The eminent lawyer who inadvertently allowed his eye to rest for a moment on a point in the evidence will, it is hoped, regain the use of the organ.

A small but interesting child was brought to the hospital a few days since, its nose having been put out of joint on the birth of a brother. The little sufferer is progressing favorably.

The literary gentleman who was brought in suffering acutely from an idea which had accidentally entered his head has been trephined, and is in a fair way to recover.

Dumas has been teaching the French public how to dress a rabbit. If he is so culinarily inclined he had better go to Compiegne, where a distinguished personage will no doubt cook his goose for him.

Several country jurymen have, we understand, combined to send a petition to Mr. Banting, asking him to point out the best way for them to diminish their 'sizes.

A NEW FREIGHT.—The Parcels Delivery Company had recently a novelty intrusted to their charge—a Lady wrapt up in her Baby.

THE NAME OF THE PUBLISHER OF MR. BANTING'S PORTRAIT—M'Lean.

THE WAY HE WAS MISSED.—When James Beresford, author of "The Miseries of Human Life," was at the Charter-house School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school (says Southey) was so quiet without him that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging.

A LEARNED (H)AIR.—The ladies in Paris, we are informed, are relinquishing the golden tint they applied to their locks for one of a more decidedly fiery hue. Poor things; it is a pity that they are not better re(a)d instead of their hair.

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Faix," says he, "'tis a sort of half-way house between you and heaven; and I stand it mighty aisy after laving you."

A MEDICAL QUESTION.—May people in perfect health, who have never abused their constitutions, be said to be "no better than they should be?"

"THE *Court* OF EXCHEQUER."—"The worship of the 'Golden Calf!'"

Hans, who is a judge of morals as well as money, says that being tender to another man's wife is not a "legal tender."

A FITTING COMPARISON.—Another lady burnt to death last week! Considering the number of fatal accidents that have occurred to ladies' dresses, it is painfully true to say that a lady is never so literally "dressed to death" as when she is wearing Crinoline.

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT *that*.—A young lady, a few days ago, when wanting to be very emphatic and persuasive—we will not divulge to *whom*—said, "I conjure you"—I can "*jaw*" you!

"A NINE DAYS' WONDER."—That of the kitten, which wonders when it'll see.

DOING THE LANDLORD.—"Do you suppose that you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply, "I have *done* a great many landlords."

MOTTO FOR LUNATICS.—Out of sight and out of mind.

QUERIES FOR THE WIDE-A-WAKE.—May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather-bed?

HOW TO REMOVE WRINKLES.—It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have the most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, Sir, I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

A man who lives almost exclusively upon *tick*—The telegraph operator.

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

A DRUGGIST'S EPITAPH—His *pill*-grimage is o'er.

When is a lady's neck not a neck?—When it is a little bear (bare).

"Setting a man trap" is the title given to the picture of a pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE political news this week is unimportant. Congress adjourned December 22 until January 5. Previous to adjournment it passed the bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral in the Navy. The Reciprocity Treaty came up, but its consideration was postponed until after the Holidays. The Military Committee in the Senate reported adversely to the House bill to drop from the rolls all unemployed officers in the army.

The military record for the week includes the capture of Savannah, which is treated in another column, and the attack on Fort Fisher. The details will be given in connection with our sketches relating to these events in a succeeding number. General Thomas has advanced over twenty miles south of Columbia and is closely following Hood. Steedman's Corps has been dispatched to Decatur, near which there is now a good prospect of an engagement, as the river is eighteen feet above the shoals, and Hood will find great difficulty in crossing. The movement of Davidson toward Mobile has not yet taken a sufficiently definite shape for report. The same is true of other co-operative movements in North Carolina, and in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

CONGRESS.

December 20:

In the Senate, a bill was reported from the Committee on Finance, and passed, providing for the extension of the time allowed for the withdrawal of certain goods from the public stores. The bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral was passed. It provides that the Vice-Admiral shall be selected from the list of Rear-Admirals, and shall be the ranking officer in the United States navy—his relative rank with the officers of the army to be that of the Lieutenant-General: and his salary is fixed at $7000 per annum when at sea, $6000 when on shore, and $5000 when waiting orders. From the Committee on Foreign Affairs Mr. Sumner reported a substitute for the House resolution, which provides for the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty of June 5, 1854. The preamble of this substitute is a simple statement of the fact that the treaty provides for its own continuance ten years from the date of its coming into operation, and further, until the expiration of twelve months after either of the parties should give notice of its wish to terminate the treaty. The ten years close March 16, 1865.

In the House, a bill was reported from the Military Committee, and passed, providing for the amendment of the act of June 30, 1864, so as to give colored soldiers at that time the privileges allowed to others of the same race. A bill was passed providing for the modification of the fourth section of the act for the transportation of mails to foreign ports in such a manner that not only newspapers, but also periodicals, magazines, and exchanges, can be sent beyond the western boundary of Kansas or the eastern boundary of California without payment of letter postage. The Senate bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral was passed. The bill was signed December 21 by the President, who immediately afterward nominated Rear-Admiral Farragut to be Vice-Admiral. The nomination was confirmed by the Senate the same day.

December 21:

In the Senate, the memorial of publishers, asking for an alteration of the law in regard to carrying periodicals in the overland mail. The House bill providing that the increased tax on whisky should go into operation January 1 instead of February 1 was passed. This bill, which makes the tax on whisky $2 per gallon is now become a law. The Reciprocity Treaty was spoken of by Mr. Sumner, who said that the people of the United States had been uneasy under the treaty for some years, and as there seemed to be great unanimity among the Senators he called for an immediate vote. In accordance with a wish of Mr. Hale, who desired to speak on the subject, the consideration of it was postponed to January 6.

In the House, Mr. Worthington from Nevada was qualified and took his seat. It was voted that the Committee of Ways and Means examine into the expediency of reducing or suspending the import duty on printing paper. A resolution was passed calling on the Secretary of War to lay before the House all unpublished communications relating to the exchange of prisoners.

December 22:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson from the Military Committee reported adversely to the House bill to drop from the rolls certain officers in the Army. A bill was passed which had been offered during the last session, requiring lawyers practicing in United States Courts to take the oath of allegiance. The Senate adjourned till January 5, 1865.

In the House, there was no quorum.

GENERAL THOMAS'S CAMPAIGN.

After the battles of December 15 and 16 Thomas still continued the pursuit of Hood with Wilson's cavalry in advance. Six miles from Franklin an engagement occurred between the cavalry force of the two opposing armies in which the rebels were routed. Sunday night, the 18th, the railroad ran to Franklin, from which point Thomas was still pushing on. He that day captured three hundred prisoners, among whom was Brigadier-General Quarles. The next day the roads were obstructed by heavy rains: but these rains also swelled the Duck and Tennessee rivers, which lay in Hood's front. On the 20th Spring Hill was passed, and Hood was pursued beyond Duck River. Having nearly reached the Tennessee by the 25th, Hood, leaving a large portion of his wagon-trains behind him, will probably attempt to cross the river some miles above Florence. Two corps—Stewart's and Lee's—went toward Florence as far as to Lexington. Cheatham went to Lawrenceburg, on the same road, and then struck westward, leaving his ammunition behind. Reports from the people indicate that the rebels were suffering greatly. The rebel General Buford was reported severely wounded, also General Lee. Since Hood started north he has lost eighteen Generals, killed, wounded, and captured; a loss of sixty-eight guns is also acknowledged. A dispatch from General Thomas, dated 6 P.M. December 25, states that Harrison's brigade, pressing closely, came upon a rebel force of four or five thousand men, protected by rail breast-works, and being compelled to fall back lost one gun. Harrison subsequently captured the position, but not the gun. Wilson and the Fourth Corps were still in pursuit. Steedman was at this time moving on Decatur, a point on the Tennessee, where it appeared that the rebels were about to cross. He was within seven miles of the place. Stragglers from Hood's army were being brought in continually.

While the battle was going on at Nashville on the 15th Forrest and Rousseau were engaged at Murfreesborough. The former was beaten with a loss reported at 1500 men.

General Lyon, who had crossed the Cumberland some days before into Kentucky, was now pursued by General M'Cook, but at latest accounts no decisive engagement had occurred. General Lyon's force is estimated at from two to three thousand cavalry, with six pieces of artillery. He had struck the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Elizabethtown, and from that point had proceeded north toward Muldraugh's Hill, south of Louisville.

MAP OF WILMINGTON HARBOR, N. C.

THE ATTACK ON FORT FISHER.

From Richmond papers we learn that Porter's fleet, estimated by the rebels at fifty vessels, including two Monitors, made a "furious" attack on Fort Fisher about 1 P.M., December 24, and was continued through the day, and repeated the next day at 10 o'clock A.M. The enemy admits a loss of twenty-three wounded the first day. Under cover of a heavy fire Butler had succeeded in landing above the fort with his military division, consisting of portions of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps. General Butler's command still held its ground, although it had been repulsed in an assault on the fort. From a report which comes from Newbern, dated the 24th, it appears that during the night of the 23d a terrible explosion occurred. This was doubtless the explosion of the *Louisiana*, which had been laden with 300 tons of gunpowder, and exploded in front of Fort Fisher previous to the near approach of the fleet. The rebel reports, however, make no mention of this fact, though they admit that the situation of the fort is precarious. Fort Fisher is situated on Federal Point, on the north bank, and at the mouth of Cape Fear River, twenty miles below Wilmington. It commands the approach to Wilmington by New Inlet, and its capture will insure a complete blockade of that most important port.

TOWARD MOBILE.

Last week we gave an account of Dana's raid from Vicksburg. At the same time with that expedition another was undertaken by General Davidson from Baton Rouge, who appears to have been operating around Mobile. He had reached Pascagoula December 14. On the 11th Governor Watts, of Alabama, issued a proclamation calling upon the people of the State to defend Mobile, which he said was threatened with attack both by land and water. He complains that he has not enough men.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

There is no strong Federal or Confederate force now in the Valley, and what still remains is mostly cavalry. An engagement occurred on the 20th near Harrisonburg in which a portion of Custer's cavalry was outnumbered and forced to retire.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Sherman, in his march through Georgia and by his capture of Savannah, has freed over 20,000 slaves.

Bennet H. Young, the leader of the St. Alban raiders, with two accomplices, were recaptured December 21, at St. Francois, which point they had reached on their way to New Brunswick. Governor-General Monck has issued a proclamation offering a reward for the rearrest of the entire gang.

Three of the St. Alban raiders made their escape from Canada by secreting themselves in the cars until across the line. They then proceeded to Lebanon, New Hampshire, and enlisted, receiving the bounty, hoping to get back to Dixie at Uncle Sam's expense. They were, however, detected, and are now in the State prison at Concord. A considerable amount of money was found in their possession. Another one of the raiders was arrested in Toronto December 27.

Major-General Sherman's youngest child, six months old, died recently at South Bend, Indiana, at the residence of Speaker Colfax. The General's oldest children are pupils in the Catholic College in the vicinity of that town.

Mr. James William Wallack, the proprietor of the well-known theatre that bears his name, died at his residence in this city on Sunday last, the 25th of December.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, Lord Morpeth, a reformer, an early free-trader, and lately Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died in England December 5.

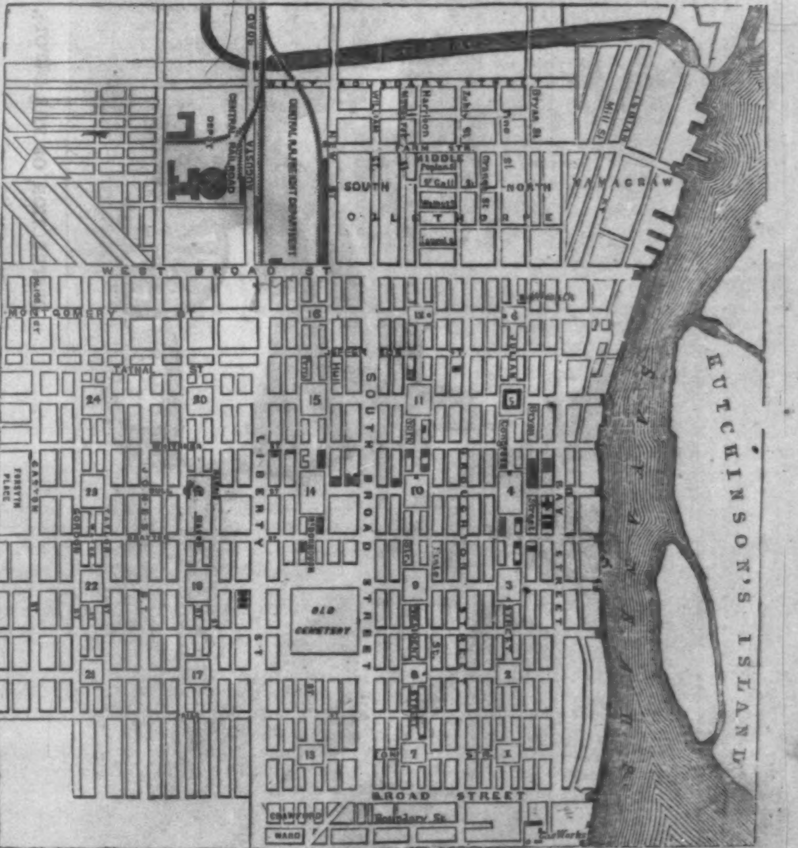
In Italy martial law has been abolished in the insurrectionary districts.

The Frankfort Diet on the 5th carried the Austro-Prussian proposition for the evacuation of Holstein and Lauenburg by the Federal troops, the vote standing 9 against 6, Saxony, Wurtemburg, and Darmstadt voting with the minority. The Commissioners of the two Powers already acting in Schleswig will also assume the administration in Holstein and Lauenburg.

Russia has suppressed all monastic institutions in Poland. Instructions to this effect reached Warsaw November 27. In this capital the suppression was carried out as follows:—Punctually at midnight a colonel, with a body of troops, repaired to each religious house, assembled the monks, read to them the Viceroy's order, and desired them to get ready to leave at half past four, by railway, to a foreign country. Of the twelve religious establishments in Warsaw three were exempted, upon condition that they should receive no more novices, and thus die out gradually.

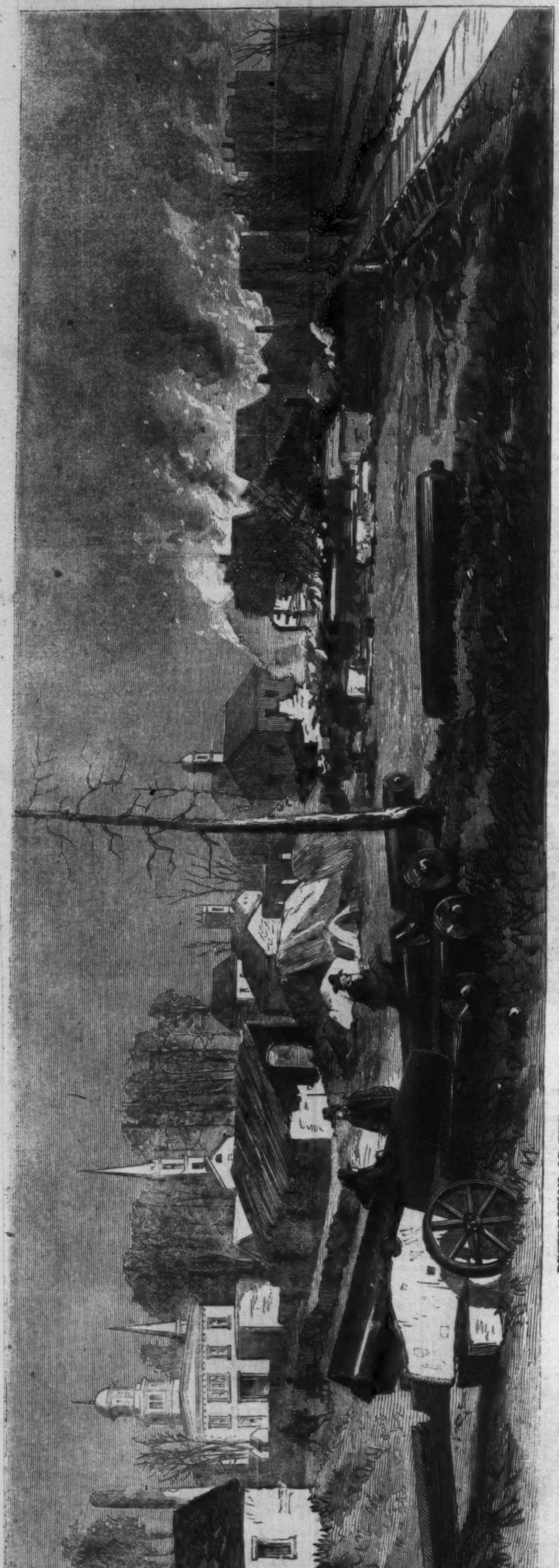
Of the 155 monasteries and 42 convents in Poland (containing 1635 monks and 549 nuns), 71 monasteries, with 304 monks, and four convents, with 14 nuns, existed in contravention of the canonical rules, which ordain that, for the better observance of discipline, each religious house shall contain at least eight monks or nuns. Many of these have been found guilty of supporting the insurrection, of concealing bands and individual insurgents, of containing arms and secret printing-presses, of administering the oath to assassinate, etc. Among the establishments possessing the canonical number of inmates, 39, containing 674 monks, have been convicted of open and distinctly proved participation in the insurrection.

The Australians have promptly carried out their threat of retaliation for the continuance of transportation to Western Australia. The first batch of convicts whose time has expired have been reshipped to England.

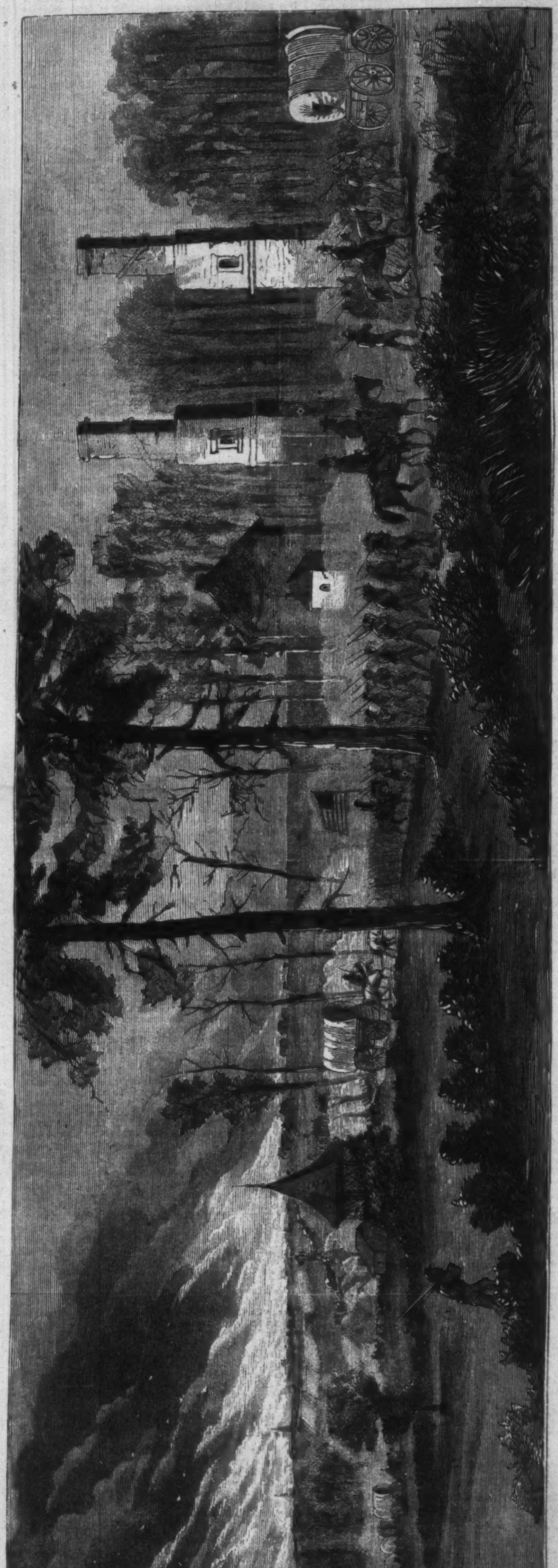


REFERENCE TO SQUARES.—1. Washington Square.—2. Warren.—3. Reynolds.—4. Johnson.—5. Ellis.—6. Franklin.—7. Green.—8. Columbia.—9. Oglethorpe.—10. Wright.—11. St. James.—12. Liberty.—13. Crawford.—14. Chippewa.—15. Orleans.—16. Elbert.—17. Troup.—18. Lafayette.—19. Madison.—20. Pulaski.—21. Whitefield.—22. Calhoun.—23. Monterey.—24. Chatham.

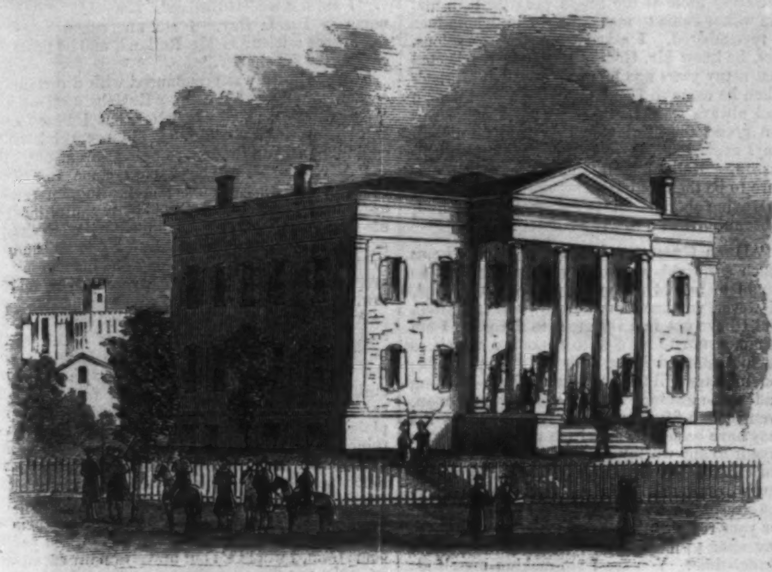
THE PRINCIPAL PART OF THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.



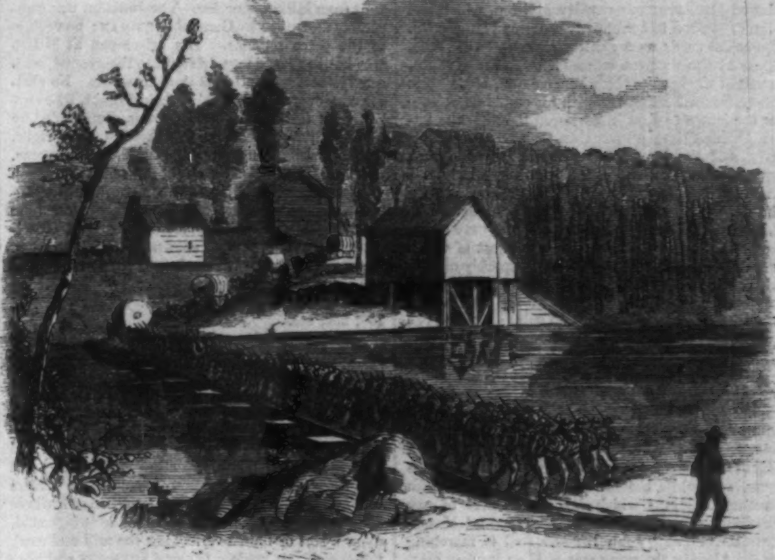
DESTRUCTION OF THE DEPOTS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AND MANUFACTORIES AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1864.



THE FOURTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS MOVING OUT OF ATLANTA, NOVEMBER 15, 1864.



GOVERNOR'S MANSION, MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.



THE 20TH CORPS CROSSING LITTLE RIVER, NEAR MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.

WE devote a large portion of our present Number to the graphic and interesting illustrations of General SHERMAN's march through Georgia, which we have received from our special artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS. Such a military event has not occurred in history since NAPOLEON's celebrated but ill-omened march from Warsaw to Moscow in 1812. That adventure resulted in the destruction of a noble army, not by the force of the enemy met on the field of battle, but by the necessities of hunger and cold encountered in the desert wastes of a Russian winter. The record of General SHERMAN's march covers exactly the period of a single month, and extends over a distance of more than three hundred miles, passed through the heart of the enemy's country; but it terminates in perfect success. It is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of this success; and yet it dwindles into insignificance when compared with the promised victories to which it is preliminary.

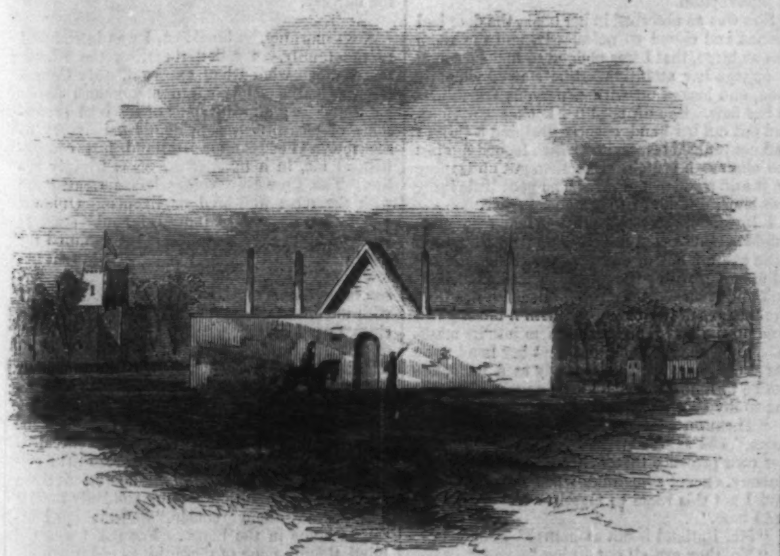
Ever since this war began the rebels have lavishly exhausted their strength by the audacity of their offensive policy. To be able with some show of force to threaten the capture of Washington or a march to the banks of the Ohio gave the Confederacy a bold front, which imparted confidence to its friends at home and abroad, and was intended to convince the loyal States of the hopelessness of the war. Not accomplishing this latter purpose, it failed of any substantial benefit. JEFFERSON DAVIS has persisted in this spendthrift habit of waging war until he has entirely exhausted the white population of the South, and is now advised by the highest military authority in the Confederacy to conscript negro slaves. His injudicious policy has resulted in as great loss of material as of men. Taking merely the last two months—from October 17 to December 17—the offensive campaigns of HOOD, EARLY, and PRICE, have cost the Confederacy, if we include the capture of Savannah, over three hundred and fifty guns and forty thousand men. Of these forty thousand men three-fourths have been captured on the battle-field. Twenty-five rebel generals also have been put out of combat by death, capture, or wounds. While HOOD was flying to the banks of the Tennessee in complete rout, SHERMAN was entering Savannah, and by his capture of that city had subtracted 20,000 souls from the Confederate population, had taken eighteen millions worth of cotton, and had gained the line of the Savannah River, for DAHLGREN's benefit, thereby insuring the speedy capture of Augusta. Yet this enormous sacrifice was for nothing: the campaigns in the Shenandoah, in Tennessee, and Missouri have all failed disastrously; and they can never be repeated.

HOOD's campaign was the most disastrous of all. LEE had been placed by GRANT's summer campaign in a position where he was utterly helpless to relieve the Confederacy. All hope rested with HOOD and BEAUREGARD. SHERMAN had flanked JOHNSTON out of half a dozen strong-holds from Dalton to Atlanta, and had manœuvred HOOD out of Atlanta itself. In the natural course of events Atlanta would have been made, like Nashville, a great military post, from which offensive operations would have been pushed forward toward the coast. But HOOD's advance northward made this unnecessary, and took from Atlanta all its importance. Leaving THOMAS with a portion of his army to confront HOOD, SHERMAN with the better half determined to prosecute an independent campaign. HOOD's advance had accomplished two things: it had taken from Atlanta all its value as a conquest; it had also taken from HOOD's army all its value as a resistance to SHERMAN's advance. What followed has already become history. HOOD was defeated by THOMAS. And SHERMAN, unable of course to stay in Atlanta, exchanged the great railroad centre of Georgia for the possession of the railroads themselves. With nothing in his front he did in forty days what in the ordinary course of the war it would have taken many months to perform. He destroyed hundreds of miles of railroad, destroyed stores essential to the Confederate armies, captured one of the four great sea-board cities which yet belonged to the enemy, and, more than all, destroyed the confidence of the rebels in the power of their Government to defend them.

As soon as SHERMAN was satisfied that HOOD was moving westward into Tennessee, and after having pursued him as far as to Gaylesville on the Chattooga River, he made his preparations for marching. STANLEY with the Fourth Corps, and SCHOFIELD with the Twenty-third, were sent north to co-operate with THOMAS, and the main army fell back to Rome. Then Rome was evacuated, and all its stores and machinery sent North. The army moved South. At Curtisville the telegraph wire was broken and all communication with the North severed. The last message was to THOMAS, saying, "All is well."

CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

MADISON, GEORGIA.



MAGAZINE AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

DESTRUCTION OF MADISON STATION, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 2, 1864.

At Marietta, November 13, General SHERMAN reviewed KILPATRICK'S cavalry division, which had been organized to accompany the grand expedition. Our artist sends us a spirited sketch of the scene, taken at the moment when General KILPATRICK, riding at the head of the whole column, came up to where General SHERMAN with his staff was waiting for the troops to pass in review. Saluting the latter, General KILPATRICK then took position on his right and the long column rode slowly by, each squadron in its order. To the right lay Marietta—and as though by way of significant comment upon the deadly earnestness of the scene, otherwise so brilliant and imposing, clouds of smoke were rising from the business part of the city, most of which was destroyed by fire. SHERMAN, superbly mounted, was the life of the spectacle. The fine soldierly appearance and spirited movements of the division met his admiring approval, and fully answered the question put by him to KILPATRICK, "Whether he (General KILPATRICK) had a division of *cavalry?*"

Leaving columns of smoke behind them, and destroying the railroad from Kingston, the advancing columns moved on to Atlanta. Here, also, every thing valuable to the enemy was committed to the flames. On the evening of November 15 only a brigade of Massachusetts soldiers were left in the town, and while the air hurtled with flame from burning buildings which covered an area of two hundred acres, the band of the Thirty-third Massachusetts played "John Brown's soul is marching on." Already the army was well on its way eastward across the State, moving two grand columns—HOWARD with the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps on the right, and SLOCUM with the Fourteenth and Twentieth on the left. The expedition consisted of not less than fifty thousand veteran soldiers. If the spectacle of the march was hidden from our eyes, it was equally veiled from rebel vision. KILPATRICK'S cavalry hung like a mass of cloud about SHERMAN'S movements, so mistifying the rebel authorities by their movements this way and that way that they never could discern the locality of SHERMAN'S main columns. Now Macon was threatened, and while COBB'S militia was concentrating at that place and BEAUREGARD was hastening to the same, leaving poor HOOD behind, HOWARD had already passed the point of danger, and COBB at Griswoldville on the 22d caught a passing glimpse of his rear-guard only, which his raw men dashed against to their satisfaction, losing more than two thousand men. Before the 20th both columns had passed the Ocmulgee without opposition. SLOCUM kept the railroad after crossing as far as to Madison, which was occupied on the 19th. This town is said to be the most picturesque in Georgia. Here the railroad buildings and store-houses were destroyed, and the column, then leaving the railroad, moved south to Milledgeville.

Just north of the city Little River was crossed. Here the mill was in operation, and our soldiers used it to grind the corn which they had foraged. The Legislature had been in session at the capitol; but on the approach of SHERMAN'S left wing, the existence of which appears previously not to have been suspected, that body was seized with a panic which quickly spread among the citizens, followed by a scene of the utmost confusion. The cars were heaped with frightened citizens, and a thousand dollars was a cheap price for a buggy. The Georgians made considerable fun of their much-abused Governor BROWN, who seemed to be cooler than the rest of them and took good care to ship his cabbages. Upon entering the town one fine morning the colors of the One Hundred and Seventh New York were raised over the capitol, and General SHERMAN took up his head-quarters in Governor BROWN'S mansion, from which the furniture had all been removed. The next day, the 23d, the right wing under HOWARD had reached Gordon, just south from Milledgeville. It was near this point that the battle of Griswoldville, above alluded to, was fought. This was the most serious fight on the march. Only a brigade of infantry and a detachment of cavalry were engaged on the Federal side. General WOLCOT was in command. About five thousand militia, with which were mingled some of HARDEE'S old corps from Savannah, attacked our breast-works, and were repulsed with a loss on their part of 2500 men, 300 of whom were left dead on the field.

Then the Oconee was crossed by SLOCUM'S column, when it was found that WHEELER had also crossed and was covering the approaches to Sandersville, to which point he was steadily driven by the advancing column. HOWARD, in the mean while, was attempting to cross the Oconee lower down at the Central Railroad bridge with a rebel cavalry force under WAYNE in his front. This force was of miscellaneous composition, being made up of WHEELER'S cavalry, Georgia militia, and a band of convicts in their prison garb whom Governor BROWN had released on condition that they would help defend the Confederacy. However, in spite of this formidable array, HOWARD crossed with little difficulty.

The army had set out with sixteen days' rations, but it was found that the country furnished supplies in abundance. The cattle-trains were so large that it was difficult to manage them, and a great plenty of turkeys placed SHERMAN'S army on a par with GRANT'S as regarded a Thanksgiving dinner. "Hard tack" became a by-gone institution. After crossing the Oconee also there was no more apprehension of bad roads, as the sandy soil rapidly absorbs the most abundant falls of rain, rather benefiting the roads than injuring them. The people were found to be very ignorant, even the richest of them. A large number of the able-bodied negroes joined the march.

Thus the two columns marched on by roads parallel to the Georgia Central Railroad toward the Ogechee River. KILPATRICK moved on the left flank, still beclouding the rebels by feints on Augusta November 30 the whole army, with the exception of the Fifteenth Corps, had crossed the Ogechee without fighting a battle. KILPATRICK had already advanced to Millen, but had failed to find any of our prisoners there. Our prisoners had been kept for some time at Millen, four miles distant from Millen Junction. The Junction was completely destroyed by General SHERMAN; no vestige of the place remains. The prison-pen at Millen was built of large logs driven into the ground, with sentry-posts on the top at short intervals. No shelter whatever was afforded to the prisoners, who burrowed in the earth. The pen was commanded by a fort, which appears in the sketch on the right. The square buildings shown in the sketch are ovens. Just inside the palisades a light rail-fence ran, which was called the dead line. When GEORGE N. BARNARD, whose sketches of the prison-pen are here reproduced, was at that place he saw our dead soldiers lying unburied, as shown in the illustration. The grave-yard near by showed that over 700 of our men had been buried, the only record being small boards numbering every fifty, thus—50, 100, 150, 200, etc.

Mr. DAVIS sends us a sketch of a Mill situated on one of the roads by which SHERMAN'S army marched through the heart of Georgia. Limestone Creek, on which the mill stood, is a small stream, running at this point through dense woods of cypress, and which above the mill-dam spreads into a "cypress swamp," full of the singular stumps—rounded and smooth at the top, and projecting two or three feet above the water—known as "cypress-knees." Here was met the first live-oak tree, from beneath whose spreading branches, partly shown in the fore-ground, upon a sort of bluff overlooking the mill and road, the sketch was made. General SHERMAN and Staff halted at this mill for a short time while the column was passing—the General seating himself, as shown in the sketch, on the door-step of one of the cabins standing near.

On the march over 200 miles of railroad had been completely destroyed. The army, having been concentrated by December 6 near Millen, began to move on Savannah, flanked on the right by the Ogechee, and on the left by the Savannah River. On the 13th Fort M'Allister was captured, and communication opened with DAHLGREN'S fleet; and one week afterward Savannah was occupied. The grand march had been then consummated; its grand object—the establishment of a new base on the sea-coast—having been accomplished. This success was gained at a loss of about 1500 men, but without the sacrifice of a single wagon or a single gun.

BLESSINGS OF THE SNOW.

DOWN comes the snow, the fleecy snow,
  Soft floating through the air,
And decks in friendly robes of white
  The chill earth brown and bare.
It spreads o'er all the empty fields,
Each naked stalk it kindly shields;
And the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Covers the shivering earth below.

Down floats the snow, the pure white snow,
  On angel wings of light,
And folds them over Autumn's gloom,
  And hides her path from sight.
The dry leaves nestle in its fold—
Not one is left out in the cold;
And the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Rests with the saddened earth below.

Down falls the snow, the pretty snow,
  Like flowers in heaven grown;
Pale garlands for the old Year's brow,
  By angel fingers thrown.
It decks the forest trees forlorn,
Of all their summer beauty shorn;
And the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Blooms on the stricken earth below.

Down comes the snow, the love-like snow,
  Like answer to our prayers,
God sure will send, if we but wait
  And cast on him our cares.
For righteousness and peace shall meet,
And o'er our mourning land shall greet,
As the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Kisses the unclean earth below.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A POOR RELATION.

THE evening was raw and there was snow on the streets, genuine London snow, half-thawed, and trodden, and defiled with mud. I remembered it well, that snow, though it was fifteen years since I had last seen its cheerless face. There it lay, in the same old ruts, and spreading the same old snares on the side-paths. Only a few hours arrived from South America viâ Southampton, I sat in my room at Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, and looked gloomily out at the fountains, walked up and down the floor discontentedly, and fiercely tried my best to feel glad that I was a wanderer no more, and that I had indeed got home at last.

I poked up my fire, and took a long look backward upon my past life, through the embers. I remembered how my childhood had been embittered by dependence, how my rich and respectable uncle, whose ruling passion was vain-glory, had looked on my existence as a nuisance, not so much because he was obliged to open his purse to pay for my clothing and education, as because that, when a man, he thought I could reflect no credit upon his name. I remembered how in those days I had a soul for the beautiful, and a certain almost womanish tenderness of heart, which by dint of much sneering had been successfully extracted from me. I remembered my uncle's unconcealed relief at my determination to go abroad and seek my fortune, the cold good-by of my only cousin, the lonely bitter farewell to England hardly sweetened by the impatient hopes that consumed rather than cheered me—the hopes of name and gold, won by my own exertions, with which I should yet wring from those who despised me the worthless respect which they denied me now.

Sitting there at the fire, I rang the bell, and the waiter came to me: an old man whose face I remembered. I asked him some questions. Yes, he knew Mr. George Rutland; recollected that many years ago he used to stay at Morley's when he came to London. The old gentleman had always staid there. But Mr. George was too grand for Morley's now. The family always came to town in the spring, but, at this season, "Rutland Hall, Kent," would be pretty sure to be their address.

Having obtained all the information I desired, I began forthwith to write a letter:

"DEAR GEORGE,—I dare say you will be as much surprised to see my handwriting as you would to behold an apparition from the dead. However, you know I was always a ne'er-do-well, and I have not had the grace to die yet. I am ashamed not to be able to announce myself as having returned home with my fortune made; but mishaps will follow the most hard-working and well-meaning. I am still a young man, even though fifteen of the best years of my life may have been lost, and I am willing to devote myself to any worthy occupation. Meantime, I am anxious to see you and yours. A long absence from home and kindred makes one value the grasp of a friendly hand. I shall not wait for your reply to this, but go down to Kent the day after to-morrow, arriving, I believe, about dinner-time. You see I am making myself assured of your welcome for a few weeks, till I have time to look about me.

"I remain, dear George,
"Your old friend and cousin,
"GUY RUTLAND."

I folded this missive and placed it in its envelope. "I shall find out, once for all, what they are made of," I said, complacently, as I wrote the address, "George Rutland, Esq., Rutland Hall, Kent."

It was about seven on a frosty evening when I arrived at the imposing entrance of Rutland Hall. No Cousin George came rushing out to meet me. "Of course not," I thought; "I am unused to their formal manners in this country. He is lying in wait for me on the mat inside." I was admitted by a solemn person as quietly and mechanically as though my restoration to home and kindred were a thing that had happened regularly in his presence every day since his birth. He ushered me into a grand hall, but no mat supported the impatient feet of the dignified master of the house. "Ah!" said I, "even this, perhaps, were scarcely etiquette. No doubt he stands chafing on the drawing-room hearth-rug, and I have little enough time to make myself presentable before dinner." So, resigning myself to circumstances, I meekly followed a guide who volunteered to conduct me to the chamber assigned to my especial use. I had to travel a considerable distance before I reached it. "Dear me!" I remarked to myself when I did reach it, "I had expected to find the rooms in such a house more elegantly appointed than this!"

I made my toilet, and again submitting myself to my guide, was convoyed to the drawing-room door. All the way down stairs I had been conning pleasant speeches with which to greet my kinsfolk. I am not a brilliant person, but I sometimes succeed in pleasing when I try, and on this occasion I had the desire to do my best.

The drawing-room door was at the distant end of the hall, and my arrival had been so very quiet, that I conceived my expectant entertainers could hardly be aware of my presence in the house. I thought I should give them a surprise. The door opened and closed upon me, leaving me within the room. I looked around me, and saw—darkness there, and nothing more.

Ah, yes, but there was something more! There was a blazing fire which sent eddying swirls of light through the shadows, and right in the blush of its warmth a little figure was lounging in an easy-chair. The little figure was a girl of apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in a short shabby black frock, who was evidently spoiling her eyes by reading by the fire-light. She lay with her head thrown back, a mass of fair curly hair being thus tossed over the velvet cushion on which it rested, while she held her book aloft to catch the light. She was luxuriating in her solitude, and little dreaming of interruption.

She was so absorbed in her book, the door had opened and closed so noiselessly, and the room was so large, that I was obliged to make a sound to engage her attention. She started violently then, and looked up with a nervous fearfulness in her face. She dropped her book, sat upright, and put out her hand, eagerly grasping a thing I had not noticed before, and which leaned against the chair—a crutch. She then got up leaning on it and stood before me. The poor little thing was lame, and had two crutches by her.

I introduced myself, and her fear seemed to subside. She asked me to sit down, with a prim little assumption of at-home-ness, which did not sit upon her with ease. She picked up her book and laid it on her lap; she produced a net from the recesses of her chair, and with a blush gathered up the curls and tucked them into its meshes. Then she sat quiet, but kept her hand upon her crutches, as if she was ready at a moment's notice to limp away across the carpet, and leave me to my own resources.

"Thomson thought there was nobody in the room," she said, as if anxious to account for her own presence there. "I always stay in the nursery, except sometimes when they all go out and I get this room to myself. Then I like to read here."

"Mr. Rutland is not at home?" I said.

"No, they are all out dining."

"Indeed! Your papa, perhaps, did not get my letter?"

She blushed crimson.

"I am not a Miss Rutland," she said. "My name is Teecie Ray. I am an orphan. My father was a friend of Mr. Rutland, and he takes care of me for charity."

The last word was pronounced with a certain controlled quiver of the lip. But she went on. "I don't know about the letter, but I heard a gentleman was expected. I did not think it could be to-night, though, as they all went out."

"A reasonable conclusion to come to," I thought, and thereupon began musing on the eagerness of welcome displayed by my affectionate Cousin George. If I were the gentleman expected, they must have received my letter, and in it were fully set forth the day and hour of my proposed arrival. "Ah! George, my dear fellow," I said, "you are not a whit changed!"

Arriving at this conclusion, I raised my glance, and met, full, the observant gaze of a pair of large shrewd gray eyes. My little hostess for the time being was regarding me with such a curiously legible expression on her face, that I could not but read it and be amused. It said plainly: "I know more about you than you think, and I pity you. You come here with expectations which will not be fulfilled. There is much mortification in store for you. I wonder you came here at all. If I were once well outside these gates I should never limp inside them again. If I knew a road out into the world you come from, I would set out bravely on my crutches. No, not even for the sake of a stolen hour like this, in a velvet chair, would I remain here."

How any one glance could say all this was a riddle; but it did say all this. The language of the face was as simple to me as though every word had been translated into my ear. Perhaps a certain internal light, kindled long ago, before this little orphan was born, or George Rutland had become owner of Rutland Hall, assisted me in deciphering so much information so readily. However that may be, certain things before surmised became assured facts in my mind, and a quaint bond of sympathy became at once established between me and my companion.

"Miss Ray," I said, "what do you think of a man who, having been abroad for fifteen years, has the impudence to come home without a shilling in his pocket? Ought he not to be stoned alive?"

"I thought how it was," said she, shaking her head, and looking up with another of her shrewd glances. "I knew it, when they put you into such a bad bedroom. They are keeping all the good rooms for the people who are coming next week. The house will be full for Christmas. It won't do," she added, meditatively.

"What won't do?" I said.

"Your not having a shilling in your pocket. They'll sneer at you for it, and the servants will find it out. I have a guinea that old Lady Thornton gave me on my birthday, and if you would take the loan of it I should be very glad. I don't want it at all, and you could pay me back when you are better off."

She said this with such business-like gravity, that I felt obliged to control my inclination to laugh. She had evidently taken me under her protection. Her keen little wits foresaw snares and difficulties besetting my steps during my stay at Rutland Hall, to which my newer eyes, she imagined, must be ignorantly blind. I looked at her with amusement, as she sat there seriously considering my financial interests. I had a fancy to humor this quaint confidential relation that had sprung up so spontaneously between us. I said, gravely:

"I am very much obliged to you for your offer, and will gladly take advantage of it. Do you happen to have the guinea at hand?"

She seized her crutches, and limped quickly out of the room. Presently she returned with a little bonbon box, which she placed in my hand. Opening it, I found one guinea, wrapped up carefully in silver paper.

"I wish it had been more!" she said, wistfully, as I coolly transferred it to my pocket, box and all. "But I so seldom get money!"

At this moment the solemn person who had escorted me hither and thither before announced that my dinner was served.

On my return to the drawing-room, I found, to my intense disappointment, that my beneficent bird had flown. Teecie Ray had limped off to the nursery.

Next morning, at breakfast, I was introduced to the family. I found them, on the whole, pretty much what I had expected. My Cousin George had developed into a pompous portly paterfamilias; and, in spite of his cool professions of pleasure, was evidently very sorry to see me. The Mamma Rutland just countenanced me, in a manner the most frigidly polite. The grown-up young ladies treated me with the most well-bred negligence. Unless I had been very obtuse indeed, I could scarcely have failed to perceive the place appointed for me in Rutland Hall. I was expected to sit below the salt. I was that dreadful thing—a person of no importance. George amused himself with me for a few days, displaying to me his various fine possessions, and then, on the arrival of grander guests, left me to my own resources. The Misses Rutland endured my escort on their riding expeditions only till more eligible cavaliers appeared. As for the lady of the house, her annoyance at having me quartered indefinitely on her premises, was hardly concealed. The truth was, they were new people in the circle in which they moved, and it did not suit them to have a poor relation coming suddenly among them, calling them "cousin," and making himself at home in the house. For me, I was not blind, though none of these things did it suit me to see. I made myself as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, took every sneer and snub in excellent part, and was as

amiable and satisfied on all occasions as though I believed myself to be the most cherished inmate of the household. That this meanness of mine should provoke their contempt, I had hardly a right to complain of. Nor did I. I accepted this like the rest of their hospitality, and smiled contentedly as the days went on. The gloom which had oppressed me on my first arrival in England had all betaken itself away. How could I feel otherwise than supremely happy at finding myself thus surrounded by my kind relations, thus generously entertained under their hospitable roof?

As I found that the guests at Rutland Hall enjoyed a certain freedom in their choice of amusements, and the disposal of their time, I speedily availed myself of this privilege. I selected my own associates, and I entertained myself as pleased me best. Not finding myself always welcomed in the drawing-room, I contrived, by a series of the most dexterous artifices, to gain the free entrée of the nursery. In this nursery were growing up some five or six younger branches of the Rutland family. After a certain hour in the day none of the elders ever thought of invading its remote precincts. Five o'clock in the evening was the children's tea hour, and the pleasantest, I thought, in the twenty-four. Nurse was a staid woman, who knew how to appreciate a little present now and again, and to keep her own counsel on the subject. The children were not pleasant children; they were unruly mischievous little wretches. They conceived a sort of affection for me, because I sometimes brought to the nursery sundry purchases made during solitary rides; picture-books, tops, dolls, or sweetmeats, procured by means of Teecie Ray's guinea. I suggested as much to Teecie one evening as she sat by, watching the distribution, and she nodded her head in sage satisfaction. She thought that I economized my substance very well. It covered a great many small extravagances, that guinea did.

Whatever might be my position at Rutland Hall, Teecie Ray's was simply intolerable. A spirit less brave must have been cowed and broken by it: a nature less delicate must have been blunted and made coarser. The servants openly neglected her, the children used her as they pleased; wreaked their humors on her, sparing neither blow nor taunt in their passions, and demanding from her at all times whatever service it suited their capricious fancy to need. Nurse, the only one who ever showed a grain of consideration for the orphan, would sometimes shield her from their impish attacks, when she could do so with safety to herself; but she was not permitted to deal with those darlings in the only fashion which would have been at all likely to bring them to reason. As for the elders of the house, Teecie Ray's momentary presence, or the mere mention of her name, was sufficient to ruffle their peace of mind. "What is to be done with that girl?" I heard Mrs. Rutland remark to one of her daughters. "If she were not lame, one might set her to earn her bread in some way; but, as it is——" A shrug of the shoulders, and a certain vinegar-like expression of countenance, which this lady knew how to assume, sufficiently developed the idea thus imperfectly expressed.

And how did Teecie Ray meet all this? She did not complain nor rebel, she did not sulk nor fret. Under that well-worn black frock of hers she carried a little breastplate of sober determined endurance. When sorely tried, there was never any cowardly submission to be seen in her grave little face, neither was there ever in her manner or words either reproach or remonstrance. She simply endured. Her large patient eyes and mute wise mouth seemed to say, "Whatever I suffer, whatever I long to dare, gratitude shackles my limbs, and seals my lips. I am saved from many things; therefore I am dumb."

The second time I met my little benefactress, was a day or two after our first interview in the drawing-room. I came upon her, one afternoon by chance, limping down a hedge lane which lay to the back of the house, away beyond the gardens, and the kitchen gardens, and the pleasure-grounds. This lane, I found, led to a large meadow, and beyond the meadow there was a wooded hill, and far down at the distant side of the hill there was a river. This was Teecie Ray's favorite ramble, and her one avenue of escape from the torments of the nursery. I immediately began pouring forth a legion of perplexing troubles and difficulties, to all of which she listened with perfect credulity, expressing her sympathy as I went along by an expressive nod of the head, or a shrewd swift glance. Then she gave me her wise little counsel when all was told, and went home, I believe, pondering on my case.

As the days passed, and my relations became more and more involved in their winter gayeties, I found myself more and more thrown upon my own resources for amusement. Occasionally I was included in an invitation, and accepted it; but in general I preferred indulging my fancy for keeping aloof from those who were little charmed with my company. A system of the most unblushing bribery had won for me a warm welcome from the savage tribes in the nursery. Many and many an evening found me walking down that hedged lane in the frosty dusk, with Teecie Ray limping by my side, and talking her grave simple little talk. I had always some fresh puzzle to propose to her, and she was always ready to knit her smooth brows over its solution. Once she stopped short, and struck her little crutches on the snow.

"You ought to go away from here and work," she cried. "O, if *I* could!"

A certain Sir Harry arrived at Rutland Hall; I will not trouble myself to think of his second name; it is not worth remembering. He was a wealthy bachelor of high family, and his movements were watched with interest by the lady of the house. This Sir Harry had a fancy for smoking his cigar in the hedged lane, and on more than one occasion he encountered my little benefactress limping on her solitary way, and stared at the pretty fresh face under her old black hat, till it blushed with uncomfortable brilliance. Teecie changed her track like a hunted hare, but Sir Harry scented her out, and annoyed her with his fulsome compliments. The matter reached Mrs. Rutland's ears, and she vented her chagrin on the defenseless little girl. I know not what sorry accusations and reproaches she bestowed upon her during a long private lecture; but, that evening when, at the children's tea-hour, I entered the nursery door with a new ball in my hand for Jack (the youngest and least objectionable of the band), I saw Teecie Ray's face grievously clouded for the first time. It was flushed and swollen with passionate crying. I do not intend to commit to paper certain remarks which I made sotto voce on beholding this disfigurement.

"Come, come, Teecie," I said, while nurse was busy quelling a disturbance which had arisen because "Cousin Guy" had not brought something to every one else as well as Jack; "where is all your philosophy, little mother? You need never preach to me again, if you set me such a bad example."

Teecie said never a word, but stared on into the fire. This wound had cut deep. Sir Harry, and Mrs. Rutland, of Rutland Hall, at that moment I should have dearly loved to knock your two good-for-nothing heads together!

"Teecie," I said, "you have one friend, at any rate, even if he be not a very grand one."

She gave one of her quaint expressive little nods. Translated, it meant: "I understand all that, but I can not talk just now." By-and-by, however, she brightened up, and went to the table to claim her share of tea and thick bread-and-butter, and I began to mend a bow belonging to Tom. Tom was one of the leaders of the unruly tribes, a regular savage chieftain.

Ere two days more had passed I felt strongly inclined to exercise the horsewhip on this young gentleman's shoulders. Tom, one fine morning, was seized with an impish inspiration to play a trick upon Teecie. Stealing her crutches, he walked about the nursery mimicking her poor little limp, and then marching off with them, heedless of her entreaties to have them restored, carried them in triumph out of doors, and smashed them in pieces with a hatchet. Teecie sat helpless in the din and riot of that ill-conditioned nursery. Bright bracing days came and found her a prisoner, looking with longing eyes through the window-panes, out over the beautiful country lanes. Tom saw her patience with the most audacious indifference. But why talk about Tom? I could not help believing, nor do I ever intend to help believing, that older heads than Tom's plotted the cruel caging of that bonnie bird.

The bird drooped on its perch; but who cared? Nurse vowed it was a shame, and showed more kindness than usual to the prisoner, but I will not venture to decide how much of this tenderness was owing to the odd crown-pieces which found their way from my hand to hers—all out of the guinea, of course? O yes, all out of the guinea. And there was another friend who sometimes expressed an interest in Teecie Ray's existence. This was that Lady Thornton, whose bounty had indirectly furnished me with pocket-money during my stay at Rutland Hall. The favor of this old lady I had done my best to win. She was a nice comfortable old lady, and I liked her. It happened that she called one day during Teecie Ray's imprisonment, to invite the Rutlands and their visitors, great and small, young and old, to a party to be given at her house, a few miles distant. I chanced to be alone in the drawing-room when she arrived, and I seized the opportunity to tell her the story of Teecie's crutches.

"A bad boy!" she said. "A bad, malicious boy! She must get new crutches before my party."

"Of course she must," I said, very heartily.

The old lady threw back her head, raising her fat chin in a peculiar sort of way, and looking at me direct through her spectacles.

"Indeed!" she said. "Pray, young man, what particular interest do you take in Teecie Ray?"

I smiled. "Oh, Teecie and I are excellent friends," I said.

"Teecie and you!" she repeated. "Pray, are you aware that Miss Ray is eighteen years of age?"

"Is she, indeed? I know nothing about the ages of little girls."

"But Teecie is not a little girl, Mr. Guy Rutland. Teecie Ray is a woman, I tell you!"

Teecie Ray a woman! I could not help laughing. What, my little benefactress, my little mother! I am afraid I scandalized Lady Thornton on that occasion by my utter scorn of her proposition. Christina Rutland swept into the room at this crisis, and relieved me in my difficulty. But often afterward during that day I laughed when I thought of Lady Thornton's piece of information. Teecie Ray a woman? Preposterous!

One morning, when it wanted but a week of the party, a curious event occurred. The heads of the house met in consultation on the matter, in the library, before breakfast. An extraordinary Thing had arrived from London at Rutland Hall. The Thing was a large wooden case, directed to Teecie Ray. On being eagerly opened, it was found to contain a pair of crutches.

And such a pair of crutches! Light and symmetrical, and fanciful, works of art in their way. Tortoise-shell stems with silver mountings of exquisite workmanship, capped with dainty little cushions of embroidered velvet. Thunder-stricken were the elders of the house. "Who could have done this thing?" was on every lip. Who, indeed? Who outside of Rutland Hall had ever heard of Teecie Ray? These crutches were costly affairs. I knew the conclusion they came to, one and all. They pitched on Sir Harry as the culprit. It was a thorn in their side, and I rubbed my hands in glee.

Having considered the question in their dismay, they decided that Teecie should be kept in ignorance of her mysterious present. It was not fit for her to use, it would fill her mind with absurd ideas. And so, in spite of the arrival of her beautiful new crutches, poor Teecie still sat helpless in the nursery. The wooden case and its contents were hidden away, and no word was spoken of their existence.

I waited a few days to see if the elders would relent, but to no purpose. The bird still pined on its perch. No kindly hand seemed likely to open the cage door and let it fly. There sat Teecie, day after day, in her nursery chair, hemming aprons for nurse, or darning the children's stockings, looking longingly out of the window, and growing pale for want of fresh air. Still never rebelling, never complaining. Meantime the stir of Christmas preparation was agitating all the household, and the children were full of rapture at the prospect of Lady Thornton's Christmas party. There was great excitement in the nursery about pretty new dresses, wonderful fussing about ribbons, and muslins, and fripperies. Teecie alone sat silent in her shabby frock. By-and-by, her hands were full, bowing up sashes, sewing on tuckers, stitching rosettes on shoes. She was a nimble little workwoman, and they kept her busy. Seeing how well a lapful of bright ribbons became her, I thought it a pity she should not have a gay dress as well as the rest.

Nobody said, "Teecie, what will you wear?" nor even, "Teecie, are not you invited too?" No one seemed to expect for a moment that Teecie could wish to be merry with the rest. How could she go, she who was lame and had no crutches?

It happened that I had an errand to the nearest town. It was rather late when, on my return, I called at the best millinery establishment in the place, and asked for a parcel.

Yes, the parcel was ready. A large flat box. "Would the gentleman like to see the lady's pretty dress?" The box was opened, and a cloud of some airy fabric shaken out under my eyes. I can not, of course, describe it, but it was something white, very pure and transparent, with something else of pink just blushing through it. It was very tasteful, I pronounced, trying to look wise. There was only one fault: "Did it not seem rather long for a little girl?" I asked, remembering the figure it was to adorn, with its short skirt just coming to the top of the boots, so well worn and mended.

"Oh, Sir," said the milliner, with dignity, "you said the young lady was eighteen years of age, and of course we have given her a flowing skirt!"

It was late in the evening when I reached home. Two merry carriage-fulls were just departing from the door as I drove up. A few minutes afterward I was in the nursery with the milliner's parcel in my hands. There sat dear little Cinderella, resting one flushed cheek on her hand, and contemplating the litter of scraps of ribbon, fragments of lace, scissors, flowers, and reels of cotton, which lay scattered around her. She had had a toilsome, tiresome day, and now they had got all they wanted of her, and had left her to her solitude.

A flash of pleasure sprang to her face when she saw me. "Oh! I thought you had gone with the rest," she said.

"No," said I, "I have not gone yet, but I am going presently. I came for you."

"For me!" she echoed in dismay. "You know I could not go. I have no dress, even if I could walk."

"A friend has sent you a dress," I said, "and I will undertake to provide the crutches. Nurse, will you please to take this box, and get Miss Teecie ready as quickly as possible? The carriage is waiting for us at the door."

Teecie flushed very red at first, and I thought she was going to burst out crying, and then she turned pale, and looked frightened. Nurse, to whom I had slipped a munificent Christmas-box, immediately fell into raptures over the pretty dress.

"Come, Teecie," I said, "make haste!" And, trembling between dread and delight, Teecie suffered herself to be carried off to her toilet.

By the time I returned from an exploring expedition, with the wonderful silver-and-tortoise-shell crutches under my arm, Teecie was ready.

Teecie was ready. Those three simple little words mean so much that I feel I must stop and try to translate them into all they are bound to convey. They do not mean that Teecie, the child whom I was wont to call my little benefactress, my little mother, had got on a nice new frock, and was equipped for a juvenile party like other children. But they mean that there, when I came back, stood a beautiful girl by the nursery fire, in a fair sweeping blush-colored robe. When she turned her head, I saw that the sweet face framed in its childlike curls was the same, but still the old Teecie Ray was gone, and here was (*peccavi* Lady Thornton!) a lovely woman.

We were all three ludicrously amazed at the sudden metamorphose that had taken place. Teecie was too simple not to show that she felt the change in herself, felt it keenly, with a strange delight and a strange shyness. Nurse had so long been accustomed to use her as a child that she stood bewildered. As for me, I was first frightened at what I had done, then enchanted, then foolishly awkward, and almost as shy as Teecie herself.

When I presented the crutches, nurse looked at me as though I must be some prince in disguise, out of the Arabian Nights. It was with a curious feeling that I saw Teecie try them, not limping now, rather gliding over the nursery floor, with the little velvet cushions hidden away amidst clouds of lace and muslin under her round white shoulders, and the airy masses of the fresh tinted gown just crushed back a little by the gleaming silver staves. I don't know why it was that I thought at that moment, with a certain rapture, of a guinea in a little bonbon box, that lay below in the one shabby portmanteau which I had thought proper to bring with me to Rutland Hall!

Our equipage awaited us. It was too late now to withdraw from what I had undertaken. Teecie and I were soon dashing over the snowy roads to Lady Thornton's. I will not attempt to describe the remainder of that memorable evening, or the sensation caused by our arrival; the wonder and mortification of my kind relations; or the mingled pleasure and displeasure of the hostess, who, while delighted to see her little favorite, took occasion to whisper angrily in my ear, "And pray, Sir, how is all this to end?"

The scene was all new and delightful to Teecie, but her dread of Mrs. Rutland's portentous frown would not let her enjoy it. We both felt that a storm would burst over our heads that night, and we were not wrong. None of the family from Rutland Hall took the least notice of us. When the time came for going home, they went off in their two carriages, and Teecie and I drove home as we had come. When we arrived, we found Cousin George and his wife waiting for us in the library, armed to the teeth. I saw it was to be war and no quarter. Mrs. Rutland took Teecie into her clutches, and carried her off, and I was left with George. I need not repeat all that passed between us.

"Sir," he said, "we have suffered your insolent intrusion long enough. You leave this house to-morrow morning."

"Cousin George," I said, "don't put yourself in a passion. I will go to-morrow morning, but upon one condition—that Teecie Ray may come with me, if she will."

He looked at me perfectly aghast. "Do you know," he said, "that she is a penniless friendless orphan, whom I have sheltered through charity?"

"I want to make her my wife," I said, sternly, "if, indeed, I be so fortunate as to have won her affections."

"And after that," he said, with a sneer, "how do you propose to live? Upon air, or your friends?"

"Not upon you, George Rutland," I said, looking him steadily in the eyes. "Mark me. I have tried you out. I have sifted you, all in this house, like a handful of wheat. I found you all chaff, but the one golden grain which lies on my palm. I will keep it and treasure it, if I may. God grant I may!"

"Very fine," said George, "*very* fine. Remember, however, that from this moment I wash my hands of you both: you, Guy Rutland, and her, Teecie Ray."

"Amen!" I said, and bade him good-night, and turned on my heel and left him.

Early next morning I knocked at the nursery door, and begged of nurse to awake Miss Teecie, and ask her to speak with me in the garden. I then went out to wait for her. It was Christmas morning, the day of peace and good-will. What I felt was scarcely peace, as I looked over the calm landscape. And yet I bore no ill-will to any man or woman.

Teecie came to me by-and-by; just the same old Teecie, limping over the frosty path in her short shabby frock, and looking half ashamed of her grand new crutches. I felt relieved when I saw her so. I was shy of the dainty lady whom I had called into existence the night before. And yet when I looked more closely, I knew that this was not quite the old Teecie, and that the very same Teecie of a day ago never, never could come back. Something was altered. Whether the change was in her or me, or in both of us, I did not inquire. The change was not an unpleasant one.

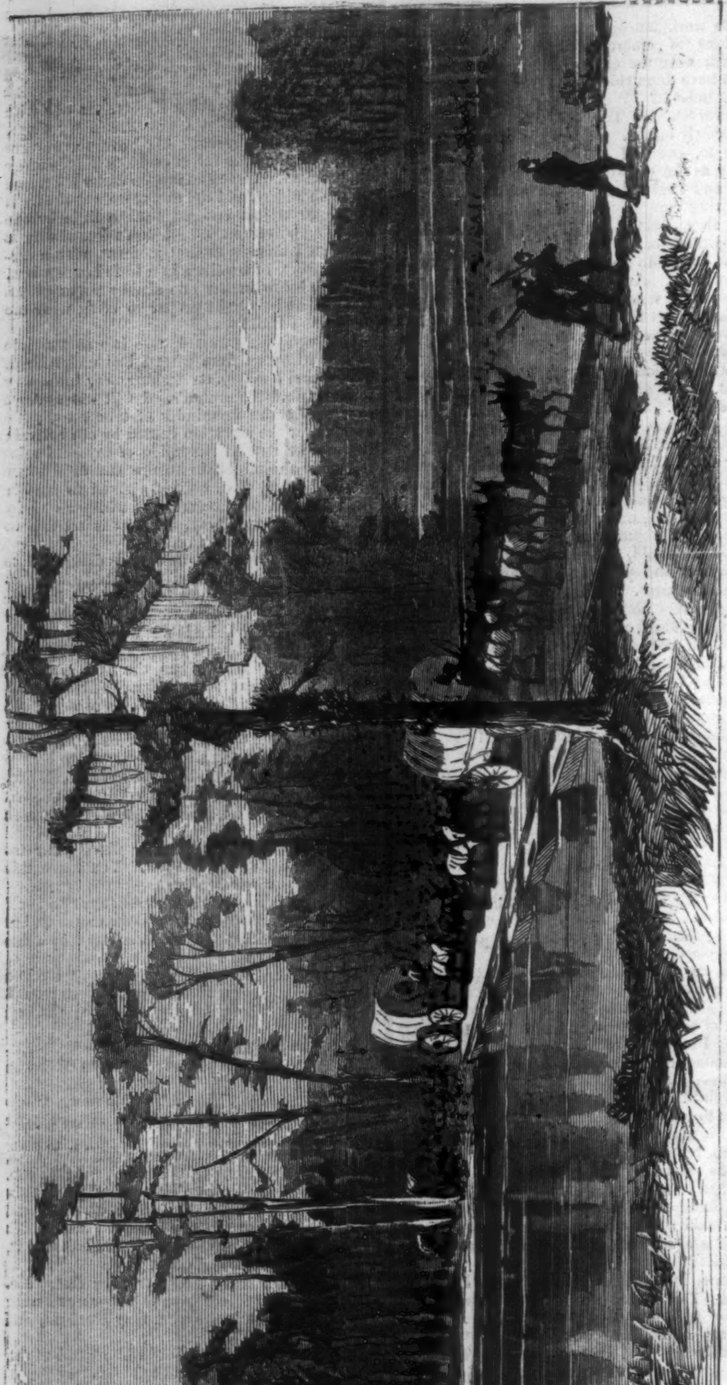
We strolled out of the garden, and into the lane, and we talked earnestly all the way. On our way back I said:

"And you're not afraid of starving with me, Teecie? You'll take the risk?"

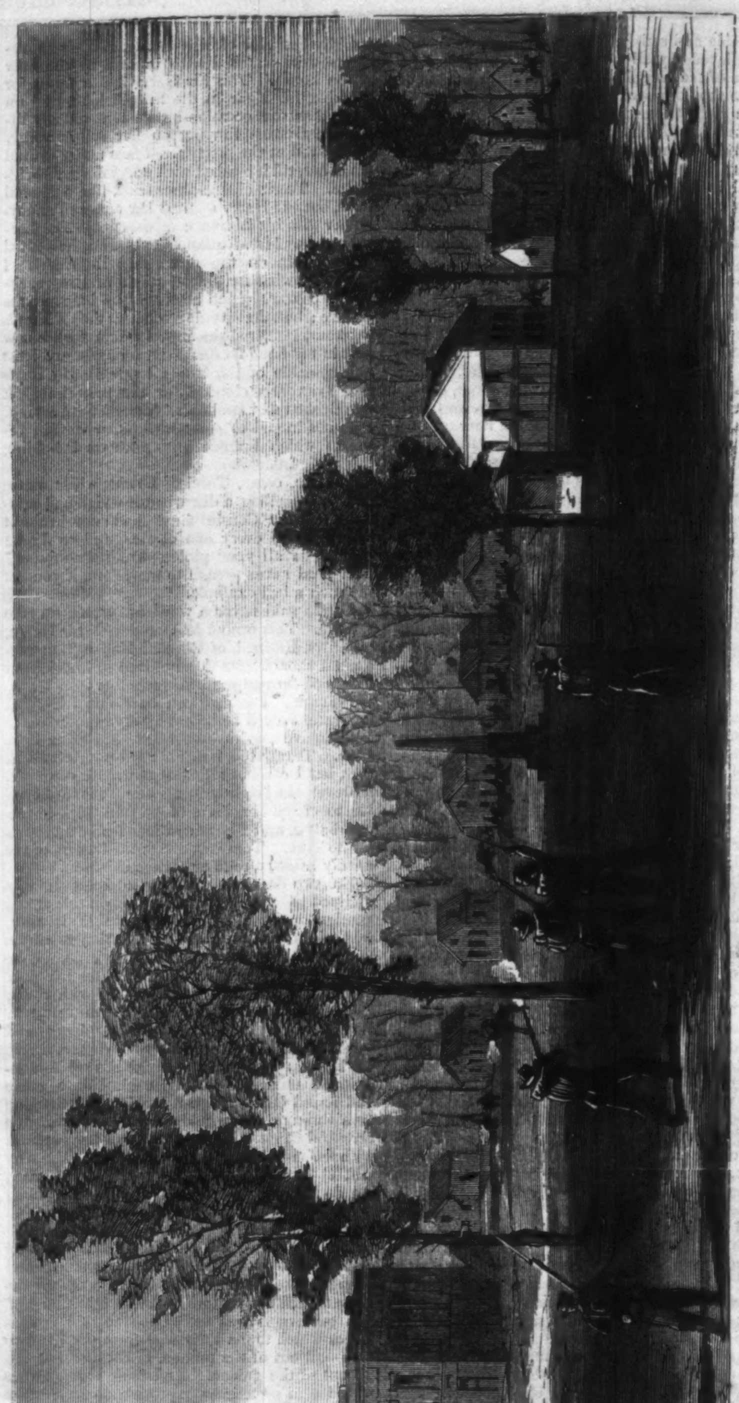
One of her old nods was Teecie's answer.

"Go and fetch your hat, then," said I, "and we won't even wait for breakfast. Don't bring any thing else with you, not a shred. I have still some half-pence left—out of the guinea, you know—and we'll get all we want."

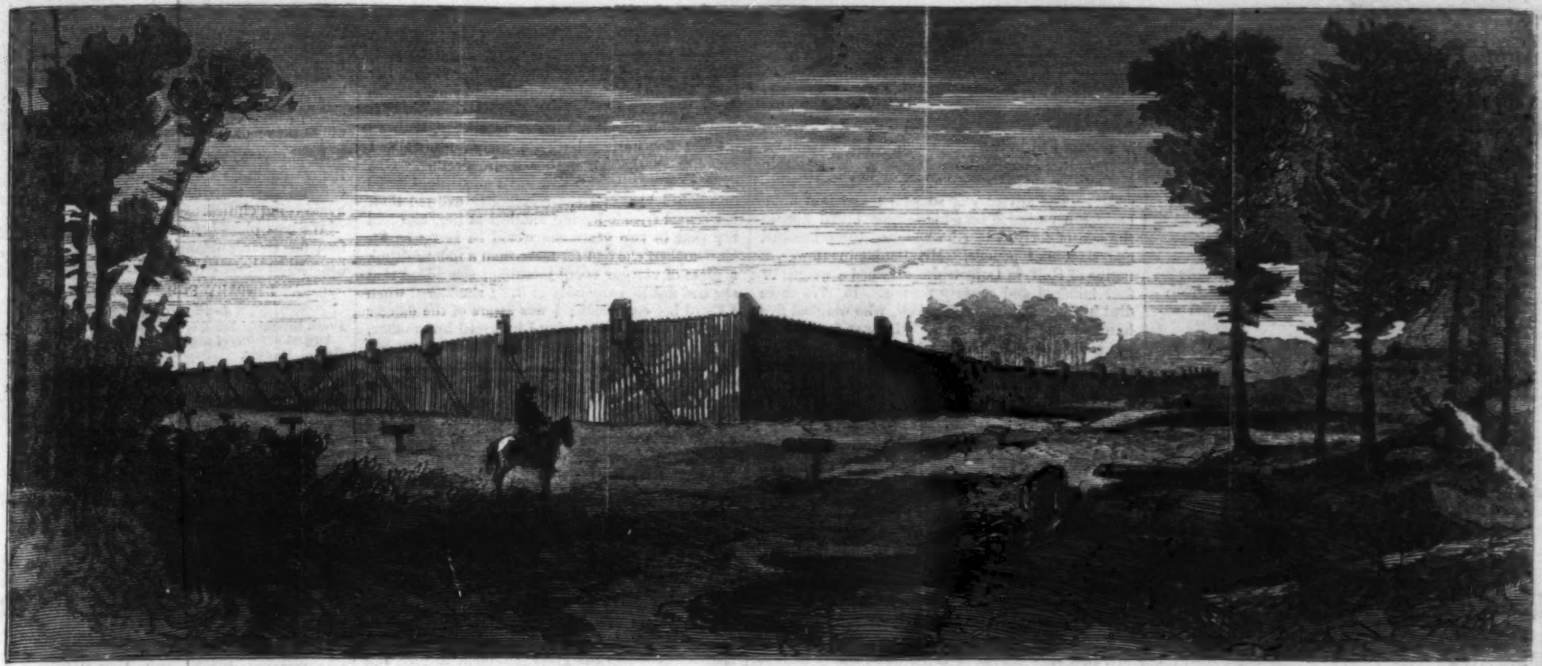
Teecie fetched her hat and returned, and we set off together. An hour afterward we were man and wife. We said our prayers side by side in the church, and then we walked back to Rutland Hall, to say good-by to our kinsfolk. I believe they all thought me mad, and her a little fool;—at least until Cousin George received the cheque, which I sent him next day; a cheque to cover the expenses incurred by him through his charity to Teecie Ray. Then they began to wonder, and to waver. I took my wife abroad, and showed her the world. Time and care cured her of her lameness. It was not surprising that on her return to England her kinsfolk should scarcely recognize her—Teecie Rutland, née Ray—walking without crutches, and the wife of a millionaire! Half a bride-cake conciliated Lady Thornton, and the wonderful guinea is still in my possession. I call it Teecie's dower. The crutches, the donor of which I beg to assure you, major, was *not* Sir Harry, are also preserved as family curiosities.



THE SEVENTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE OGECHEE RIVER, GEORGIA.

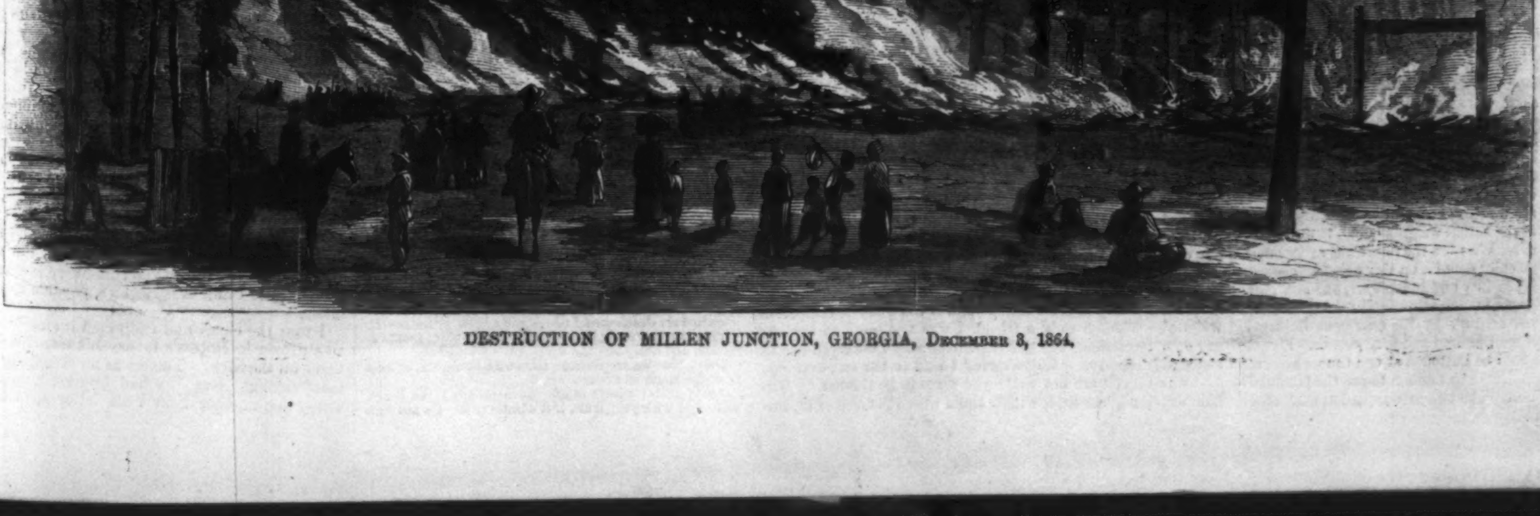


THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS DRIVING WHEELER'S CAVALRY ON SANDERSVILLE, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1864.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRISON-PEN AT MILLEN, GEORGIA.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRISON-PEN AT MILLEN, GEORGIA.



DESTRUCTION OF MILLEN JUNCTION, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

COME, gather round the glowing hearth
  While swift the moments fly,
The hour which gives the New Year birth
  On Time's swift wing draws nigh;
So gather here, with song and cheer
We bid the dear, the gray Old Year,
  Our friend so long, good-by.

He leaves us soon, he may not stay,
  Ere dawn he needs must go;
He hath been with us on the way
  For many months, I know,
When skies were clear, when storms were near,
Through hope and fear, the brave Old Year,
  In rain and wind and snow.

He brought such gently dropping showers
  To glad the silent plain,
Such precious wealth of fruits and flowers,
  Such harvest fields of grain:
The gray Old Year, grown sad and drear,
We hold him dear who leaves us here
  Ne'er to return again.

His form is bent, his face is white,
  He hath seen many a day,
Soon will he pass into the night
  To go upon his way.
The fond Old Year we hold so dear,
For him what cheer who lingers here
  Where he is wont to stay?

What though he touched some hearts with grief
  If others he made strong?
Bid him farewell, the night grows brief,
  He must be gone ere long,
The hale Old Year now blanched and sere,
Whose hour draws near; forgive him here
  Whatever is of wrong.

Hark! heavy across the frozen snow
  The belfry's pealing bell;
O sexton, toll it soft and slow,
  It is his funeral knell;
Good-by, Old Year, to memory dear,
God rest thy bier! with many a tear
  We give thee our farewell.

DINING—CORPULENCY—LEANNESS.

No. II.—On Corpulency and Leanness.

AT our last meeting, kind readers, we "dined it and wined it." During the interval good Mrs. Cureall has put to us the following question: "Can you not, dear Doctor, do good to people whom you ask to dinner in other ways besides the mere filling of their stomachs?" "Certainly, Madam, certainly," we replied. "At our next repast we intend to give some sound advice to our friends the Greatoxes and the Lankys, and that, too, without fee." "I see," enthusiastically exclaimed our venerable querist, "Greatox—corpulency, Lanky (or did you say Yankee?)—leanness. Generous man! I shall certainly be on hand to profit by your vast experience and profound learning." "Thank you, Madam." Our guests will therefore not take it unkindly if we say "grace before meat." And first, we will address ourselves to the Greatoxes.

By obesity we mean that state of fatty congestion when, without the individual being ill, the limbs or members increase gradually in size and lose their primitive form and beauty. There is one sort of obesity which is confined to the stomach. This is seldom found in women. "I myself," says Savarin, "am a sufferer in this respect, yet I have an ankle, instep, and calf as firm as an Arabian horse. Nevertheless, I looked upon my stomach as a most formidable enemy; I conquered it, and reduced it to its proper dimensions." The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated. The first is the natural conformation of the individual. Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy. Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption ninety have brown hair, an oval face, and sharp nose. Out of one hundred "corpulents" ninety have a round face, globular eyes, and pug nose. It is therefore beyond a doubt that some persons are predestined to be fat, and that, taking all things equally, their digestive powers produce a greater portion of fat. And here let us cite a few instances of men of weight. M. Laurent notices a Parisian boy who must have frightened his parents a little, for he weighed a hundred and four pounds at four years old. There was a boy at Winlaton, in Durham, about a century ago, who, at the age of ten years, measured thirteen inches round the thigh, and thirty-three round the waist; he was a queer fellow in other ways, for he had six toes on each foot, and six fingers on one hand. In 1784 died an Irish gentleman, Mr. Lovelace Love, from very fatness. So immense was his bulk that his coffin measured seven feet in length, four in breadth, and three and a half in depth. Mr. Baker, who died at Worcester in 1766, was so large a man that, in the language of the local prints, "his coffin measured seven feet over, and was bigger than an ordinary hearse, and part of the wall was obliged to be taken down to admit its passage." Six years afterward there died at Usk, in Monmouthshire, one Mr. Philip Mason, whose dimensions were recorded as follows: round the wrist, eleven inches; round the upper arm, twenty-one inches; round the chest, sixty inches; round the largest part of the body, seventy-two inches; round the thigh, thirty-seven inches; round the calf of the leg, twenty-five inches. The above instances are wanting in facilities for comparison, on account of the actual weights being, in most cases, unrecorded. We give the following as instances more specifically definite on this point. There was a Kentish farmer and inn-keeper, one Mr. Palmer, who attracted much attention in the early part of the present century by his enormous bulk. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Five ordinary men could be buttoned at one time within his waistcoat. He came to London to see the famous Daniel Lambert. The two men looked at each other. Lambert was vastly the superior of Palmer in bulk, but the latter puffed so much through his fatness that Lambert pitied him, as a man to whom life must have been a burden. Palmer went home much mortified; his claim to notoriety was suddenly eclipsed by a rival, and his vexation hastened his death. A part of his inn had to be taken down to allow room for his coffin to be removed. John Love was so thin and meagre that a physician advised him to eat liberally. The advice was so well taken that John became a gormandizer; his fatness killed him at the age of forty, when he weighed three hundred and sixty-four pounds. Mr. Benjamin Bower, a native of Holt, in Dorsetshire, attained a weight of four hundred and seventy pounds. In 1774 there died in Lincolnshire one Mr. Pell, who weighed five hundred and sixty pounds. He was inclosed in three coffins, the united weight of which, with himself, exceeded three thousand pounds. Mr. Bright, of Essex, was a person of great notoriety in the early days of the reign of George the Third. He died at the age of thirty. His weight was six hundred and sixteen pounds. Seven men were, on one particular occasion, buttoned up within his waistcoat. When his career was ended, and his body was incased in its monster coffin, not only walls, but staircases, had to be cut through before it could be got out; twelve men drew the low carriage on which the coffin was placed; and "an engine was fixed up on the church," as the local chroniclers narrate, to lower the coffin into the grave. There was an Irishman, Roger Byrne, who died in 1804, whose bulk was so great that his admirers claimed for him the merit of being "several stones heavier than the celebrated Mr. Bright of Essex." It required thirty men to carry to the grave the bier on which his body was laid. Mr. Spooner, a Tamworth man, who was living in 1775, attained a weight of six hundred and eighty pounds. He had long been too heavy to walk, his legs being unable to bear him. He measured four feet three inches across the shoulders. It is recorded of him that "his fatness once saved his life; for, being at Atherstone market, and some difference arising between him and a Jew, the Jew stabbed him in the belly with a pen-knife; but the blade, being short, did not pierce his bowels, or even pass through the fat which defended them." But of men of weight Daniel Lambert was the king. Shortly before his death he attained the unprecedented weight of seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. His coffin was seventy-six inches long by fifty-two wide, and contained a hundred and twelve square feet of elm. The coffin was regularly built upon axles and wheels; and not only the window, but also the side of a room, had to be taken down to afford a passage for the bulky mass. The wheeled coffin was drawn to St. Martin's church-yard, where a gradual descent was made to the grave by excavating the ground.

The second and principal cause of corpulency consists in the farinaceous substances which man eats at his daily meals. All animals that are fed upon farinaceous food become fat whether they will or not. Man is subject to the same law. Another cause of corpulency is too much sleep, and a want of sufficient exercise. A last cause of corpulency consists in excess in eating and drinking. Corpulency is detrimental to strength, because, while increasing the weight you have to carry, it does not increase the motive power. It is also detrimental because it impedes respiration, which renders impossible any labor which requires a prolonged exertion of muscular strength. Corpulency is detrimental to beauty, as it destroys the harmony of proportions established by nature; it carries with it a distaste for dancing, walking, riding, and an inaptitude for any occupation or amusement requiring a little exertion or skill. It, moreover, leads to apoplexy, dropsy, swelling in the legs, and impairs the health generally. But corpulency is not a malady; it is at most a lamentable result of an inclination to which we give way, and we alone are to blame. When we meet in society a charming little girl, with rosy cheeks and rounded arms, dimpled hands, a *nez retroussé*, and pretty little feet, instructed by experience, we cast a glance ten years forward, and foresee the ravages of corpulency upon those youthful charms, and sigh upon other evils looming in the future. To cure corpulency the precepts of absolute theory must be adhered to: Discretion in eating; moderation in sleep; exercise on foot or on horseback. It requires a firm will to leave the dinner-table with an appetite. As long as the craving is felt one morsel invokes another with irresistible attraction, and, generally speaking, we eat as long as we are hungry, despite the doctors, and even the example of doctors. To tell a person of embonpoint to get up early in the morning is to break his (or her) heart: they will tell you that it will ruin their health, and render them unfit for any thing during the rest of the day; the ladies will complain that their eyes look heavy; they will all consent to sit up late, but they must have a long snooze in the morning, and thereby is one remedy lost. Propose to a pretty fat girl to ride, she will consent with delight, but on three conditions: she must have a handsome and quiet horse, a well-made habit of the last fashion, and a gay young fellow to ride with. Now these three things are not always to be had, so riding is given up. Walking has many other objections. It is *so* fatiguing, the mud and the dust are dreadful, and the stones cut the pretty little boots, and that plan is peremptorily abandoned. But in place of this natural course of treatment, sly puss takes to drinking—yes, drinking vinegar. And here we would warn Miss Greatox against the great evils resulting from a habitual use of acids. There is no doubt but they will make a person thin; but they destroy freshness, health, even life itself, as the following story of poor Louise too truly shows:

"I had a Platonic friendship for one of the most charming persons I have ever met. Louise —— was a lovely girl, and had that classical embonpoint which charms the eye and is the glory of sculptors. Though only a friend, I was not blind to her attractions, and this is perhaps why I observed her so closely. 'Chère amie,' I said to her one evening, 'you are not well; you seem to be thinner.' 'Oh no,' she said, with a smile which partook of melancholy, 'I am very well; and if I am a little thinner I can very well afford it.' 'Afford it!' I said, with warmth; 'you can afford neither to gain nor lose; remain beautiful as you are,' and other phrases pardonable to a young man of twenty. After that conversation I watched her more closely, with an interest not untinged with anxiety; gradually I saw her cheeks fall in, her figure decline. One evening at a ball, after dancing a quadrille, I cross-questioned her, and she reluctantly avowed that, her school friends having laughed at her, and told her that in two years she would be as fat as St. Christopher, she had for more than a month drunk a glass of vinegar every morning; she added that she had not told any body of it. I shuddered when I heard her confession; I was aware of the danger she incurred, and next day I informed her mother, who was terribly alarmed, for she doted upon her child. No time was lost. The very best advice was taken. All in vain! The springs of life had been attacked at the source, and when the danger was suspected all hope was already gone. Thus for having followed an ignorant advice poor Louise was carried to her grave in her eighteenth year, her last days embittered by the thought that she herself had cut short her existence."

On the subject of reducing corpulence Mr. William Banting has given an instructing and amusing account of his own experience in a letter which he has published. Although not very corpulent, the adipose tissue had collected in those parts of the body which interfered with the circulation, and in the course of one year, by discontinuing a most injudicious and unlimited dietary for one which his medical man had the great judgment to prescribe by weight, he lost his fat and the inconveniences that attended its presence. His weight on the 7th September, 1862, was 200 pounds; on the 12th September, 1863, 156 pounds—loss of weight, 44 pounds. In addition to which, he says that his girth round the waist is reduced 12½ inches, he can tie his shoes, he has more muscular vigor, eats and drinks with a good appetite, sleeps well, and is relieved from all symptoms of acidity, indigestion, and heart-burn, with which he was once tormented. But the diet he pursued is objectionable from several points of view; and in order that our guests the Greatoxes may have every advantage to cure themselves of this *growing* evil, we have placed, as they will perceive, our own bill of fare before them.

DIETARY FOR THE CORPULENT AND THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED TO BE SO.

Corpulent persons should eat in moderate quantity any of the following articles of food:

The Lean of Butchers' Meat.
Poultry—Game.
Fish, fresh or salted—Eggs—Toast for ordinary bread—Greens—Cabbage—Watercress—Spinach.

And avoid eating

Fat or Potted Meats.
Bread—Biscuits—Rice—Arrow-root—Sago—Macaroni—Vermicelli—Puddings and Pastry of all kinds—Custards—Cheese—Butter—Cream.
Sugar in any form.
Potatoes—Parsnips—Turnips—Carrots.
Fruits of all kinds, fresh or preserved.

They may drink

Tea and Coffee, without sugar or cream.
Acid Wines—Claret—Dry Sherry—Seltzer, or Soda Water.
Unsweetened Spirits in great moderation.

And avoid drinking

Stout—Porter and Ale of all kinds—Milk—Sweet and Port Wines—Liqueurs—Cocoa and Chocolate.

A few words now to the Lankys.

Leanness is the condition or state of an individual whose muscular flesh, not being sufficiently provided with fat, betrays the forms and angles of his bony conformation. Leanness is not a disadvantage to men. Their strength is not affected by it, and they are even more vigorous. But leanness in the fair sex is a dreadful evil, for with them beauty is more than life, and beauty consists especially in the rounded limb and the graceful curve. The most recherchée toilet, the best dress-maker in the world, can not conceal certain "absences," or disguise certain angles; and it has been not wrongly said that every pin which a thin woman takes out, no matter how beautiful she may have appeared, lessens her charms. But women who are born thin and have a good stomach may be fatted like fowls (the Miss Lankys will please forgive us for this comparison, but it is the mildest we could hit upon); and should a little more time be requisite, it is because the stomach of a woman is comparatively smaller, and they can not be subjected to a rigorous régime, punctually enforced. Persons destined to be thin are constructed in an elongated shape. They generally have thin hands and feet, skinny legs, not much flesh about the lower part of the body, their ribs visible, an aquiline nose, almond-shaped eyes, a large mouth, pointed chin, and brown hair. Such is the general type. Some portions of the body may escape this description, but rarely. Some lean persons have voracious appetites. But every thin woman wishes to be stouter. This is a wish we have heard expressed a thousand times. Now the whole secret for a thin lady to acquire a little embonpoint lies in a nut-shell. It consists in a suitable régime. She must learn how to select and how to eat her food. We shall therefore endeavor to point out the system which ladies ought to follow who wish to become more plump, or, to use the more elegant term, who are desirous of acquiring "the rounded limb and the graceful curve."

GENERAL RULES.

Eat a quantity of fresh bread—the same day's baking—and do not throw away the crumb.

Before eight A.M., when in bed, take a basin of soup (*potage au pain* or *aux pâtés*), not too much, or, if you prefer it, a cup of good chocolate.

Breakfast at eleven. Fresh eggs, boiled or poached, *petits pâtés*, cutlets, or any thing else; but eggs are essential. A cup of coffee will not hurt.

After breakfast take a little exercise. Go shopping, or call on a friend, sit and chat, and walk home again.

At dinner, eat as much soup, meat, and fish as you like, but do not omit to eat the rice with the fowl, macaroni, sweet pastry, creams, etc.

At dessert, savoy biscuits, *babas*, and other farinaceous preparations which contain eggs and sugar.

This diet may seem limited, but it is capable of great variation, and comprises the whole animal kingdom.

Drink beer by preference; otherwise Bordeaux, or wine from the South of France.

Avoid acids; except salad, which gladdens the heart. Eat sugar with your fruit, if it admits of it. Do not take baths too cold; breathe the fresh air of the country as often as you can; eat plenty of grapes when in season; do not fatigue yourself by dancing at a ball.

Go to bed at eleven o'clock; on extra nights be in bed by one.

If this system is boldly and exactly adhered to, the failings of nature will soon be supplied; health and beauty will be the result.

Lean persons should be well clothed, according to the season, and regulated by their feelings; taking care to have their extremities kept warm, and to avoid being chilled.

We now place before our Lanky guests a bill of fare for their guidance, and may they feel ever grateful to the All-Wise for his *increasing* bounties!

DIETARY FOR LEAN PERSONS.

Lean persons may eat

Fresh Butchers' Meat, of all kinds, because it contains the largest amount of nourishment.
Game—Poultry.
Fish of all kinds.
Soups, Broths, and Beef Tea, thickened with Bread or any farinaceous or vegetable substance.
Eggs—Butter—Cheese—Cream.
Sweetened Jellies—Custards—Blanc-mange, etc.
Ripe Fruits, fresh or preserved.
Sugar, in almost any form—Honey.
Farinaceous Substances, such as Bread—Biscuits—Arrow-root—Sago—Tapioca—Rice—Potatoes.
Saccharine Roots, as Parsnips—Carrots—Turnips—Beet-root.
Vegetables, as Cauliflowers—Asparagus—Sea-kale.

They should avoid eating

All kinds of Salted Meats and Fish.
Pickles—Lemons;

And drinking

Sour Wines—Acids—Vinegar.

May drink

Cocoa—Chocolate—Coffee—Tea—and Milk.
Generous Wines—Ale—Stout—Liqueurs.
Cod-liver Oil is a most nutritious substance, and a table-spoonful twice or thrice a day has in numerous cases proved highly beneficial.

But oh, Greatoxes and Lankys! we do not live upon what we eat, but upon what we digest. Digest well, therefore, the words we have spoken, and then to dinner with what appetite you may.

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

No sunshine streamed into my chamber the next morning. It was blowing a gale from the Gulf. All night I had lain listening to the wild soughing of the wind, thinking of its mournful requiem among the cedars. The waters of the Bay were lashed to madness, great breakers chasing one another up the Hillsboro. I could see it all from the window before my bed, and see the little fishing vessels scudding in "under bare poles."

A tropical gale was a new feature of a Southern climate, and roused me from my night of misery. Aunt Milly came to my room weeping. She said Uncle Joe was off in the oyster-smack. She s'pected he was lost. I heard a man on the upper piazza calling to one below that a building was just floating away from the lower levee. If the gale increased half of the town would follow before noon. The man below replied with an oath, he hoped it would send the blockaders to Davy Jones.

There was confusion and excitement on every hand. The mists grew denser; it was soon impossible to see the water except by the glare of the lightning, though its dash and foam were audible amidst the awful pauses of the thunder.

"Wasn't Miss afeard?" Aunt Milly asked, trembling like an old poplar. The world might have been swept away without awakening an emotion.

Too weak to dress, I kept my bed all day, tenderly cared for by Mrs. Thomson and Aunt Milly. The storm subsided at noon. The mists rolled together, and rose up in dense columns. Uncle Joe brought safely in, having sheltered in a little creek; but one of the blockading war-steamers had gone ashore on the Light-house beach. Some of the citizens who buried my brother the day before, armed to the teeth, went that night to plunder her and look for prisoners. They found only a burning hulk, received a salute from the more fortunate blockader, and returned unharmed.

"Will Missy see Colonel Hamilton dis mornin'?" Aunt Milly asked when Jimmy had removed the breakfast-tray. "Reckon he's all done ready to go back to Tallahasser."

He came in, took my hand kindly as a father, and asked if I felt able to talk with him. "I could not disturb you yesterday," he went on to say, "knowing how much you needed repose for mind and body. But before I go away I would ascertain your wishes for the future, and how I may most acceptably serve you as a friend. Your brother provided against every contingency, so I can not have the pleasure of conferring the slightest obligation."

I tried to speak, but a great choking sob prevented.

"May God bless and comfort you!" he said, tenderly. "O Miss Margy! if you would only speak to me freely—only let me be your friend."

"I would like to remain here a little longer," I said, at length. "I can not go home without him; and my heart is too sore to go so soon among strangers. Every one is kind to me here, and I feel nearer Robert. I have funds to last a little while longer after these last expenses are discharged." I burst into tears again.

"Robert left all that for me to do, and it is done, Margy. Here are his letters on the subject, which I leave with you; and here is a small draft on the Bank of St. John's, payable to your order."

I took the check and examined it closely. It was drawn in Robert's favor—his own indorsement on the back. There was no mistaking the handwriting. But why had he looked so anxiously for another New York letter—so disap-

pointed when the last hope of it failed? He read the doubt and perplexity at once.

"Let me explain," he said. "Your brother was looking expectantly for a draft from the North when I went away from here. I wrote to him, if it failed, that I knew of a person who would be glad to take good Northern securities for a small sum of money like this. It did fail, and he accepted the offer."

"And the securities, Mr. Hamilton?"

"A mortgage of Manhattan Bank stock double the amount."

"I will not inquire who was generous enough to make such an offer in times like these, Sir. I need not be told. Accept my warmest thanks for removing the last burden from my poor brother's mind; but do not be offended if I can not allow you to run the risk, when every transaction between the North and the South is so uncertain. Take the check and destroy the mortgage, Colonel Hamilton. Had Robert lived it would have been different."

He was hurt. I saw it—felt it, and the feeling gave me real pain. To have acted differently would have been like receiving charity from the man I had rejected. A disagreeable silence ensued, which I was forced to break.

"Don't think me ungrateful, Colonel Hamilton. I could not bear that now, or to lose your friendship; but I must feel independent. I think there is another way in which you might assist me. You may hear of some person, not afraid of Northern sentiment, wishing a governess. Not quite yet—let me get accustomed to my loss and loneliness first."

"Trust me to do any thing a friend can do, dear Miss Margy. I would gladly have sheltered you in my heart; since that can not be, I will, if necessary, give my life to protect you. Farewell!"

"Noble heart!" I exclaimed, as his last words lingered in my ears. "My antagonist is now my only friend!"

Three weeks are ages to the wretched. They were ages of struggle and overpowering anguish to me. Then I had a letter from Colonel Hamilton, kind but not demonstrative, in which he alluded to the situation I had proposed. Would I take charge of two motherless little girls, whose father was going to the army? The locality was healthy, quiet, and safe, but extremely isolated. My comfort would be studied by the servants, my wishes law to them. I could assume the charge whenever it pleased me.

Two lonely little girls and a quiet home! It sounded pleasant. I would accept the situation, and be ready in a week. So I wrote, and received directions in reply.

A week of tearful preparation. Trunks to be packed alone; Robert's garments to be folded away carefully—those I could not force myself to give to Uncle Joe or Jimmy—and daily visits to be made to the cemetery, at every one of which I knelt at my brother's grave, and promised him to come and lie down by his side or take him home. Aunt Milly showed me a shorter foot-path thither, and usually accompanied me on my evening visits.

The last time I went in the morning, and alone. Every thing was in readiness for the sad, solitary journey; trunks strapped, carpet-bag filled with conveniences for the route, and traveling-dress assumed—the very same Aunt Hannah's tears had fallen upon the day we left home. Could she have seen me then, in my utter desolation, how would her tender heart have swelled with grief!

Mrs. Thomson, kind to the last, came with the carriage to take me home, avowedly, for an early dinner, that I might take rest before stage-time; but really and truly, I am certain, to interrupt the painful farewell.

It was late in the afternoon when the stage-horn was heard near the Florida House. My trunks were on the piazza, so was the entire family. I was ready, and entered the stage amidst a shower of blessings and kind wishes—too much overcome to reply to any.

"Any more passengers, Jerry?" the Major inquired.

"None nearer than Hernando, Sir."

"I'm afraid you'll have a lonely ride to-night, Miss Miller. Drive careful, Jerry."

I did not appreciate the Major's caution until we were beyond the Hillsboro, in the rugged road that threads the ancient forest. Jagged palmetto roots buried in the sand, fallen trees to be avoided, creeks and rivers to be forded, are a few of the many discomforts and dangers that throng the traveler's way across the peninsula. It has its compensations of beauty and wild magnificence.

Night came on in the lonely forest. The deep, surging tones of the pines seemed but the echo of the sorrowing wail of my own heart. The grand old trees, with their solemn drapery of moss, swaying forever to and fro—to and fro—as if keeping time to their own dirge-notes, stood tall and spectral, like the ghosts of Osceola and his Seminole warriors. These were their paths. Scarcely was their war-cry silent yet along the Withlacoochee—their beloved river. It seemed very strange to one who had never made the shortest journey without father or brother to be traveling alone amidst such profound solitudes; yet I had no feeling of fear.

It was past midnight when the driver took down his horn and blew a shrill, vigorous blast. I strained my eyes, but no light was visible.

"Are we approaching a settlement?" I ventured to inquire.

"Thar's a one-hoss town up yer; postmaster allus asleep. Gabriel 'll find him a tough one when he comes to blow."

The vehicle soon drew up before a low log building, labeled "Post-office," as seen by the dim light of the driver's lantern. It took another blast to arouse the dormant official.

"I say, Jim Henderson, that you've forgot that yer Uncle Sam's dead, and you've got a Governor now that wears a spur. Hurry up yer cakes! Here's the bag."

"'Twon't do for *you* to say nothing to-night, ole boy! Yer mighty slow yerself! Twelve o'clock afore I fell asleep, I'll swear. Thought ye'd changed schedule."

"It warn't my fault though. I was charged at both ends of the way to drive keerful, and I's bound to do it ef I didn't bring in till next week."

"Crockery, hey?"

"Hold yer tongue, Jim! I'll take a drop of whisky when the mail's sorted."

I could hear them talking in tones meant to be suppressed, as they made their way into the office.

"I say, Jerry, who is it yer bound to be so mighty keerful on? Jeff Davis's wife?"

"A live Yankee!"

"The devil it is! You don't expect to smuggle her through ole Sumter County?"

"I'd like to see who'll prevent me—that's all! She's none o yer dirt-eating sort, I tell ye; but talks right smart peart about the North as though 'twas all New Jerusalem streets paved with gold. That's the name they give her down in Hillsboro; but she don't say much now. She's powerful down-hearted sence the young man died."

Then followed the story of my brother's death, told in rude language, but with a genuine pathos, ending with a big oath that nobody better show a passenger sass on Jerry Dining's beat.

"Stand to it, ole hoss! Jim Henderson's way'd be to come the dodge. Ef folks like me would be curus about what's none thar business, I'd jest tell 'em ''Twas one of Governor Perry's relations going through to Micanopy,' I would —devil take me ef I wouldn't!"

I was ready to faint, alarmed for the first time in view of my defenseless condition. The possibility of insult or injury to an unprotected woman had never before entered my mind. I had counted on desolation only, not upon danger.

"If you please, give me a glass of water," I asked, when the driver reappeared with his mail-bag.

"Wouldn't the lady have a leetle taste of whisky in her?" the stranger inquired, peering in at me by the faint light of the lantern. "The water yer is none of the best. We used to could get coffee and other decent doin's for strangers."

The whisky was as politely declined as kindly offered, and in a moment we were plowing the sand again.

"The critters are tired," the driver said, apologetically, when the crack of his whip failed to arouse his weary team. "We'll have fresh ones hitched on in a few minutes. Only half a mile to the next relay. What ho! Going to meet somebody this time at night?"

"Hallo, Jerry!"

"Hallo, Sir!"

I started at the sound of the voice, and held my breath to listen.

"All safe, I trust?"

"Safe and sound, Sir! Reckon you've changed yer mind, and goin' on to Tampa?"

"No; I waited up at the station a while, and was afraid you might have got into trouble at the ford."

"You're bound never to forgit that ford, Colonel. Accidents don't happen every day."

Buried away in the back of the carriage I could see nothing. But that voice gave assurance of a friend at hand. I would have recognized it any where, but never believed it could have given me so much pleasure.

"Colonel Hamilton! can it be you?" I exclaimed as he came to assist me from the carriage at the station. "I did not dream of meeting you, and could not tell you how glad I am."

"You must be much fatigued," he said, quietly. "Lean upon me, Margy! There is a nice warm supper waiting for you."

"But how happens it you are away down here? I can not get over my surprise."

"Did you think, after my solemn promise, I could leave you to make this terrible journey alone?"

"It is a terrible journey, and I was just beginning to realize it." I made no mention of gratitude for his kindness, but am certain he might have read it in my face.

After we had eaten he went out to make arrangements for resuming the ride.

"Bring those heavy blankets, Jerry," I heard him say; "I will go for the shawls. Come, Miss Margy, there's a long, rough way ahead. You had the most uncomfortable seat before—the one that takes the heaviest jars and jolts. I will arrange the middle one for you now. There's nothing like learning how to get over rough places. I have made it a study."

"You shall teach me then, Colonel Hamilton. I have come to them."

I sat down upon the seat he had cushioned and blanketed, buried my face in my shawl, and wept silently—so silently I thought in the deep shadows of the night it would pass unobserved. Not a word was spoken. Only the cries of the whip-poor-will and the dull, heavy sound of the wheels broke the profound stillness. A long interval elapsed. I thought him asleep, but was presently undeceived.

"Jerry, stop a moment," he said. "The carriage is not yet exactly poised. Take that smallest trunk from the rack and put it in front."

He halted to obey the order.

"Now, Margy, this will never do," he said. "You are making yourself sick. The first lesson I teach you must be fortitude. Here is an extra shawl for your head; try now and go to sleep."

I did try, but a train of troubled thoughts passed before me and prevented. I was a child again, with my first grief—the loss of my mother. I could see her again as I saw her for the last time in the dear home chamber. The very tones of her voice came back to me there, and her solemn charge to George, and Willie, and Robbie to be kind to their little sister. Never, never, in all the thoughtless years of boyhood and youth, did they forget that charge. One by one as they went away to join her could they answer faithfully and truly, "We were always kind to Margy."

I knew when the morning broke, though I did not open my eyes. There were different sounds in the air and upon the earth. The whip-poor-wills hushed their mournful strains, and the red-birds dropped from their nests. The driver breathed heavily, as though asleep; but the patient animals walked slowly and steadily on until they came to their next resting-place and stopped. The Colonel leaned over and touched the driver's shoulder.

"Wake up, Jerry! Softly, softly! don't disturb Miss Miller. Tell Sam to bring his team quietly. You go no further, I think. Pleasant dreams to you to-day, and good-by!"

"Good-by, Jerry!" I said, reaching over my hand to him.

"Good-by, Miss, and good luck to you!"

"Have you been asleep, Margy?"

"No, Sir; but am going now."

I was as good as my word, and slept all the morning, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the way, and only awakened at last to the assurance that we were to have breakfast, and an hour for rest.

We were in front of a low log-cabin with palmetto roof. Sam, whom I afterward suspected strongly of being a Yankee, said, "We had reached the *St. Nicholas*."

The next morning we arrived at Ocala, a pretty village in Marion County, where we rested until evening. Another long and weary night ride brought us to Gainesville, where I had to part from my kind attendant. He was going to Charleston, I to Forest Lake, only a few miles eastward.

"You have borne the journey bravely," he said, as we took our last breakfast together. "A few hours more of fatigue, and you will reach a resting-place, and need my care no longer. I could almost be sorry, Margy!"

"I am quite sorry myself, Sir. Do not think I will ever forget your care and kindness, Colonel Hamilton."

"Yet you will not allow me the faintest shadow of hope that we may ever be more than friends?"

"How can I? Are you not pledged to a cause with which I could never sympathize? You go to help destroy a fabric which, had I a hundred lives, I would give all to sustain."

"Don't speak of it!" he interrupted. "We will be friends, nevertheless. Let me know whenever I can serve you. You have promised to write me how you like your new home."

"When shall we meet again?" I could not help inquiring.

"God only knows! I am banished until you recall me, Miss Margy. The carriage will be here for you at noon; repose until then. I hear the car whistle now, and must leave you. Heaven bless you!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Advantages of Crying.—A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of two hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people feel at all unhappy about any thing let them go to their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud bohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above the crying of children should not be greatly discouraged. If it is systematically suppressed the result may be St. Vitus's Dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when any thing occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief on the part of children as well as of older persons, and regard the eyes and mouth as safety-valves through which Nature discharges her surplus steam.

A Black Surprise.—Some months since, when Lucretia Borgia was being done with slow murder at one of our theatres, the death-like silence which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by the sobbings of some tender-hearted female whose sympathetic soul was keenly alive to the unfortunate condition of the aforesaid victims. A modest young man began to be interested in discovering the female whose heart, like his own, was so susceptible to human feeling. While the young Romeo was looking round from the parquette, and scanning the countenances of the fair ones, he thought he experienced a sensation as if something was upon his head. Raising his hand, he found, to his delight, that some young lady had accidentally dropped her cambric handkerchief from the box above. Our young Romeo soon began to discover that there was an opportunity for him to display his gallantry; he arose, and after privately pressing the cambric to his lips, extended it, delicately secured between the tips of his fingers, for the fair claimant to take possession of. At this moment a head protruded over the gallery above, and cried in a low but distinct tone, "Chuck it up, Sah!" The young man suddenly raised his eyes, and beheld the blackest wench that ever white man looked upon. It is needless to add that he dropped almost lifeless into his seat, and a favored few who chanced to witness this ludicrous scene burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The first plow is supposed to have been the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft end, the point of which, dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped the furrow into which the seeds were thrown. It soon occurred to the husbandman that he might relieve his own labor by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument; then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back, so that the plow might be guided. The strength of the animal soon wore away, or broke, the cleft of the branch, and this necessity gave rise to the invention of means for attaching movable shares, first of wood, next of stone, copper, or iron, worked to a shape adapted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor from the plowman's having to lean upon the plow with all his weight to press it into the earth. Just such an implement as these conjectures indicate was used by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plow are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of "plowing by the horse's tail." The draught-pole was lashed to the tail of the horse, and, as no harness was employed, two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plow, the other to direct the horse, which he did by walking backward before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required.

A Model Sportsman.—A Paris correspondent tells the following story: "Coming home to Paris by railway last Sunday evening, I found myself *tête-à-tête* with a good-natured Parisian, who was dressed in a most elaborate sporting costume. He wore a thick dark-green jacket, conspicuous on account of its large brass buttons with stags' heads thereon. His boots were a sort of leather overalls, reaching up to the hips. A broad strap over the breast was attached to a very large net game-bag, and a knife as long as a small sword in a smart scabbard was secured by another band. He carried a gun in a leather case, and was also provided with an umbrella, and a flask, which he continued to remove from one pocket to another pocket, as if he never could get it in the right place. He was a man about fifty years of age, with pallid features, which told of city life, and there was an air of sadness on his countenance any thing but indicative of the 'jolly sportsman.' My traveling companion informed me that it is now a custom in Paris for half a dozen commercial men like himself to join and pay, say 1000 francs, for permission to shoot for the season over an estate not too far from Paris. Rabbits, now and then a partridge and hare, and small birds, appear to be the sort of game generally found, and that, too, in no great abundance. The costume and the trip on the rail appear to be the main attractions. My companion was in a melancholy mood, and declared he was getting too old for a sportsman. He intended to give it up, for his sporting ended in nothing but colds and satirical observations from his wife. In a very solemn tone he continued: 'Permettez que je déboutonne' (and, having done so, made a clean breast of it). 'I was dragged into this sporting business. I never admired it, like a good many other people who do things they don't like from pride and vanity; so I come down now and then and pass a miserable day. I was obliged to take an early train (five o'clock) to get to Royon. I was attacked by two dogs going to our rendezvous. It rained heavily. Not one of my companions joined me. I stood under a tree, opened the umbrella, and tormented myself with thinking how much happier I should be breakfasting in a *café* at Paris. I remained in the rain all day as a painful duty. I did not even see a rabbit. This hare I got from a friend. If I go home with an empty bag, my wife is nagging at me all the week. Now, look what trouble this innocent hare gets me into. I must pay eight sous entrance-duty into Paris. That may keep me twenty minutes at the octroi-office. When I get home (for I'm late) I shall doubtless hear a few observations about cockney sportsmen, and perhaps a doubt expressed whether I have left Paris at all to-day. In these times women are full of suspicion...... I'll give it up.' While convincing himself that such was the wisest resolution he had ever made in his life, the train stopped, and we had reached Paris. Shaking hands, he exclaimed, mournfully, 'You've no gun and hare to carry, and perhaps no wife at home. Ah! la! la! la!'"

Singular Catastrophe.—A few days ago a butcher, going his rounds near Stuttgardt at an early hour in the morning, perceived the smoke and reflection of a fire in the fields. On approaching the spot he found a man burned to death under the charred fragments of a heavy wagon. Of the four horses three were dead and roasted, the fourth, all but unscathed, standing quietly by. It would seem that the deceased man had been driving a load of hay along the highway at night. Coming near the spot where his master's fields commence, a horse, or some of the horses, getting restive, wanted to leave the road and take their accustomed way across country. Before he could prevent them they had dragged the wagon into the ditch, overturned it, and buried the man, who must have been walking at its side, under the hay. One of his legs and arms were broken, the lantern he carried in his hand smashed, and the hay set on fire. There he lay, unable to crawl from underneath the oppressive weight, and was slowly roasted.

Russia.—The population of Russia at the last census was 74,271,205. The extent of the Russian empire in square miles is as follows: Siberia, 267,724; Caucasus and Transcaucasus, 5569; Grand Duchy of Finland, 6870; Poland, 2257; European Russia, 87,820. In Poland there are 2110 inhabitants to the square mile; in Russia, 687; in the Caucasus, 532; and in Siberia, 15.

What our Parlors should be.—A modern writer says: "Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures which tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith, and charity. Make your living-room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lone waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homestead may come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope, and love. Have no dungeons about your house, no room you never open, no blinds that are always shut."

Very Hard on the Whale.—A singular incident occurred, says the *Sémaphore*, of Marseilles, during the last voyage of the Möeris steamer, belonging to the Messageries Impériales, from Alexandria to Marseilles. When entering the Straits of Messina in the evening of the 12th of October, a strong shock was felt by all on board, and a most unusual agitation was noticed in the water near the screw. The engines having been stopped, and a boat lowered, it was found that a whale had got entangled with the screw, which had inflicted a deep and mortal wound just behind the head. With some difficulty the dead monster was extricated and hoisted on deck, when it was found to measure 21 feet 4 inches in length, with a maximum girth of 13 feet 9 inches.

Singularities of Christina of Sweden.—In a fit of educational enthusiasm, Christina endowed universities, academies, appointed largely salaried professors, and suddenly changing her mind, dismissed them all with abuse and contempt. Two solemn philosophers whom she had taken into favor she one day, brusquely interrupting a grave colloquy, compelled to play at shuttle-cock with each other as long as they could move their arms. Three of the most eminent scholars in Sweden she made pirouette before her in a Greek dance, she screaming with laughter the while, and urging the musicians to play faster, faster, until one of the venerable men fainted and fell on the floor. Descartes, whom she had induced by the most flattering promises to take up his residence at her court, she literally worried into a consumption by insisting, in that terrible climate and the season winter—a more than usually rigorous winter—upon his presenting himself in her library punctually at five o'clock every morning.

Interior of a Japanese House.—The following is a description, from a late work, of the interior of a Japanese house: A small square table, about a foot high, with an outer edge of an inch deep all round, standing on four legs, is a common article of furniture. Upon this are generally placed five or six small cups, containing pickles of bamboo, ginger, etc., with sauces of various kinds, all very palatable to many European tastes, as well as Japanese. The family, gathered and seated round this miniature table, not on chairs or benches, such luxuries being unknown and unappreciated, but on the mat which forms the floor carpet, are then served by a hard-working domestic, who seems a kind of maid-of-all-work, with rice in small cups, from a steaming caldron. The olive branches are generally squatted near, and, wherever we have seen the family meal, appear to have a propensity, probably heightened by a keenness of appetite, for dipping their fingers into the pan (which the servant holds in one hand while she ladles out the rice), seldom meeting with any reproof. On one solitary occasion, however, the maid-of-all-work thought proper to show a little bit of authority. Placing the lid on the caldron, she put it once more on the fire, and then led the refractory urchins to their mother, on whose back slumbered the last-born, a flat flabby-looking babe, supported by a long scarf slung across the left shoulder. Of course no spoons are made use of to serve the various little delicacies that may be spread out. The chopsticks, about half a size shorter than those used in China, dive in and out of the various little messes, bringing back the bit on which the owner has set his or her desire, whether a stew of chopped meat, the fish in the next dish, or any other choice morsel.

REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY DIVISION BY GENERAL SHERMAN, AT MARIETTA, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1864.

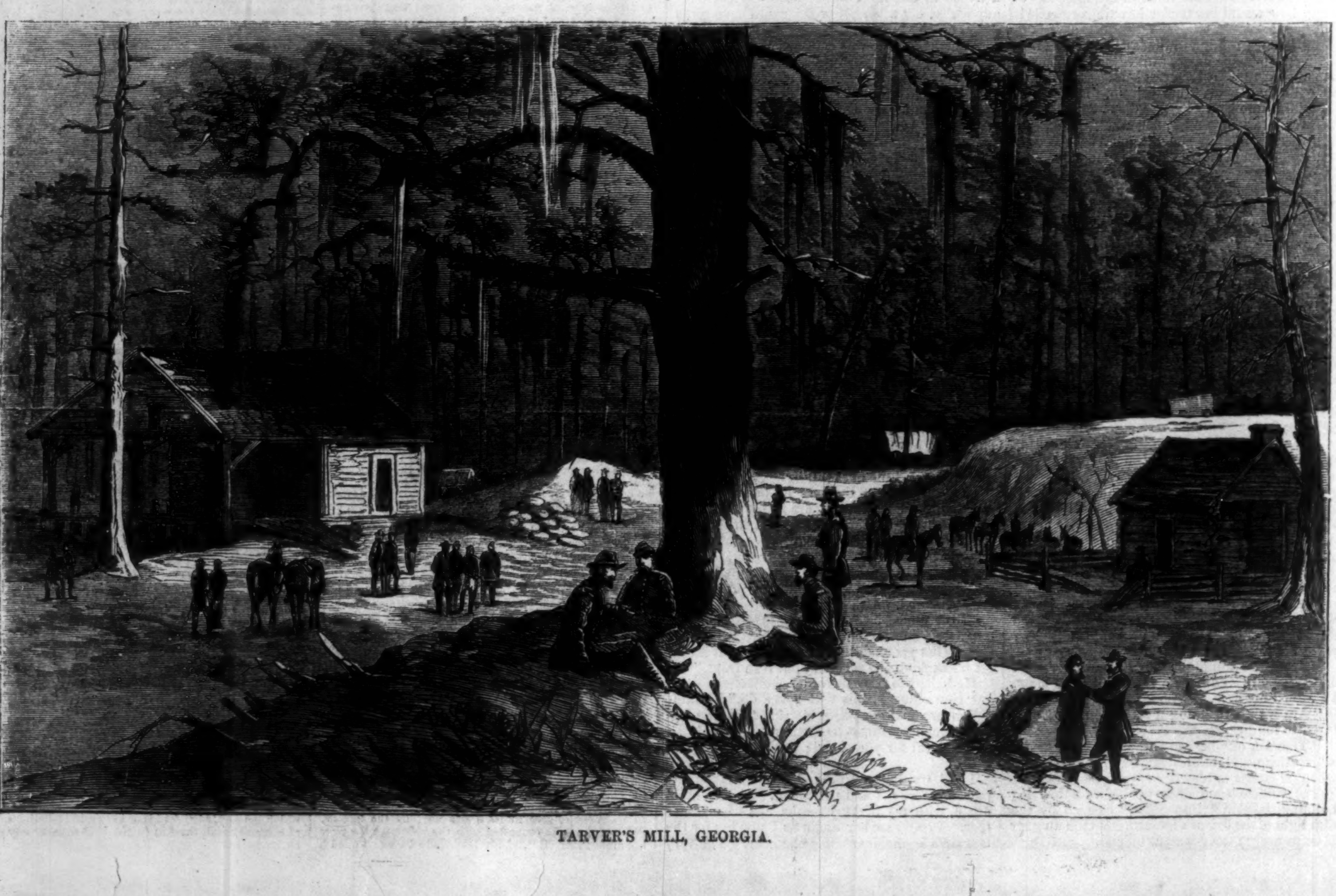
THE CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

WE give on the next page two illustrations of General SHERMAN'S Army in front of Savannah. One of these represents General SHERMAN and his Staff, and is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. GEORGE W. BARNARD, to whom we are indebted for the graphic sketches of the Prison-pen at Millen, published on page 13. The other sketch illustrates the capture of the rebel steamer *Resolute*, on the Savannah River.

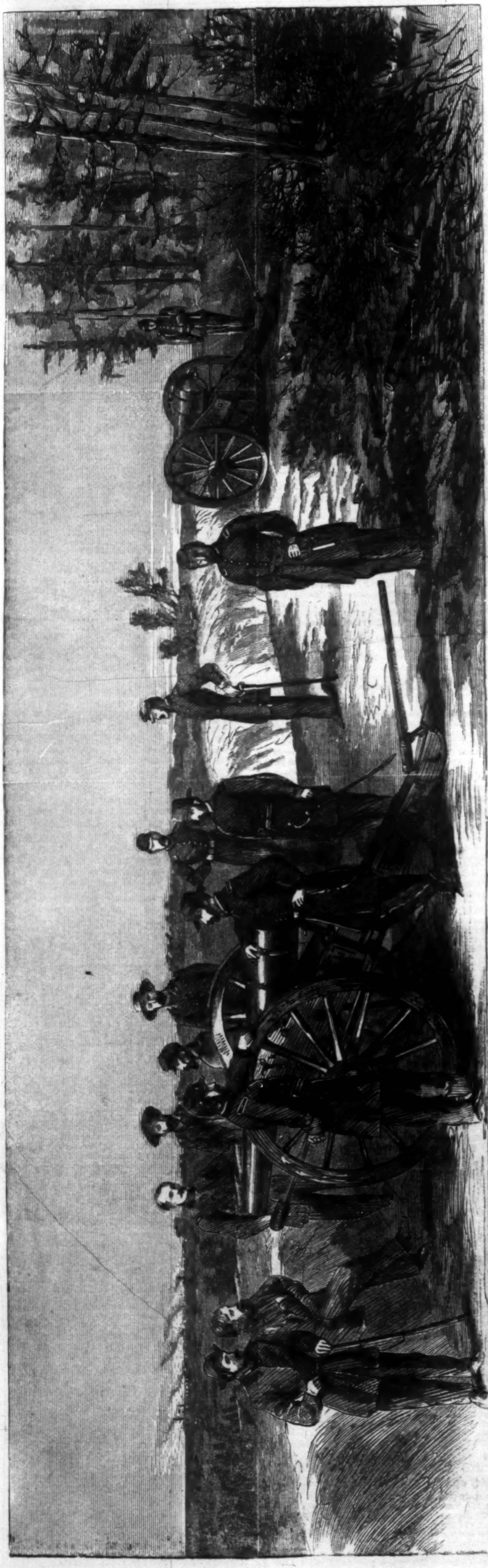
For the benefit of our readers we give the following list of the officers comprising the group in the sketch of General SHERMAN and Staff, which will be recognized by the corresponding numbers subjoined to the sketch:

1. Captain L. M. DAYTON, Aid-de-camp, Acting Adjutant-General.
2. Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. KITTOE, Medical Inspector.
3. Colonel AMOS BECKWITH, Aid-de-camp and Chief of Commissary.
4. Captain O. M. POE, Chief Engineer.
5. Brigadier-General W. F. BARRY, Chief of Artillery.
6. Major J. C. M'COY, Senior Aid-de-camp.
7. Captain T. G. BAYLOR, Chief of Ordnance.
8. Major-General SHERMAN, Commanding.
9. Captain G. W. NICHOLS, Aid-de-camp.
10. Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES EWING, Assistant Inspector-General.
11. Lieutenant-Colonel W. WARNER, Acting Inspector-General.
12. Captain J. E. MARSHALL, Assisting Adjutant-General to General BARRY.

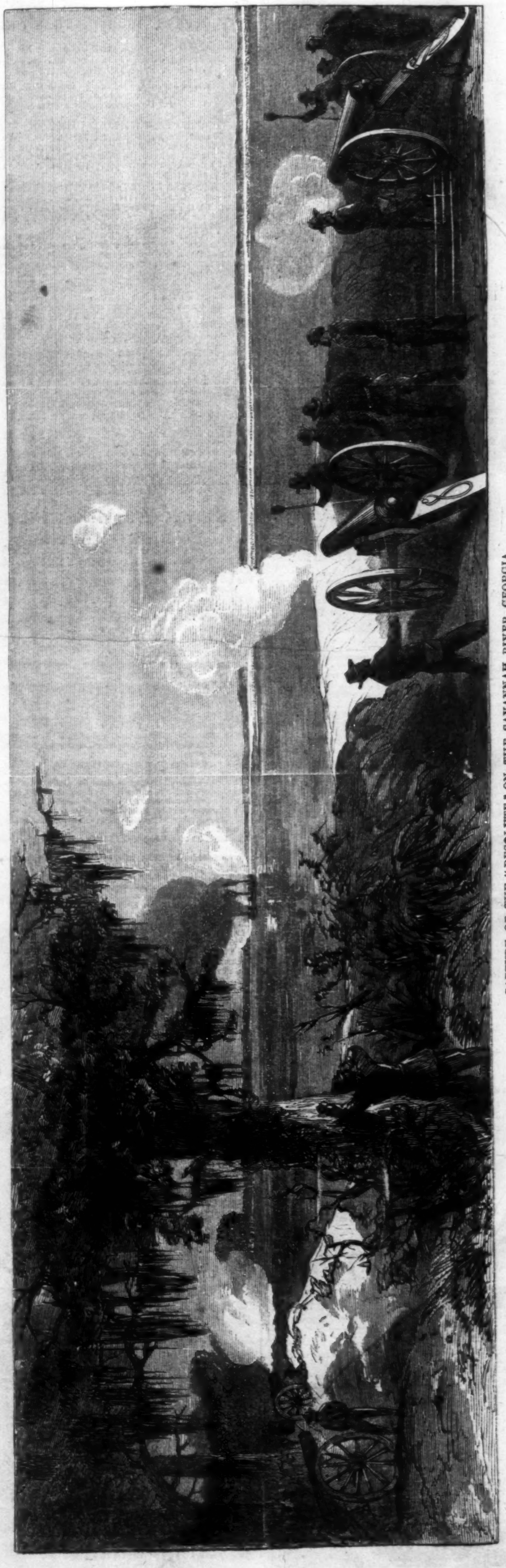
General SHERMAN reached a position in front of Savannah on the 10th of December. General HARDEE was at that time conducting the defense of the city, having under his command a force which SHERMAN estimated at 15,000 men. It was General SHERMAN'S intention to invest Savannah so completely with his army as to prevent the escape of HARDEE'S army. The first thing to be done, of course, was to open communication with Admiral DAHLGREN. Fort M'Allister, on the Ogechee River, stood in the way. This was a strong earth-work, situated about sixteen miles south of Savannah, behind Point Genesis, and commands the river. It was captured December 13 by General HAZEN'S Division of the Fifteenth Corps. SHERMAN then located his right on the Ogechee at King's Bridge, while his left rested on the Savannah three miles above the city. Two boats were captured on the Savannah River, and a blockade established preventing the descent of the rebel gun-boats. There was a break in the investment of Savannah on the eastern side from the mouth of the river to a short distance above the city. It was by this outlet that HARDEE escaped with his army by crossing the river to Union Causeway. Before evacuating the city the rebels had blown up their iron-clads and burned the Navy Yard. General SHERMAN immediately entered the city. His captures include, according to General FOSTER'S dispatch, eight hundred prisoners, one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives, one hundred and ninety cars, a large amount of ammunition and other material of war, besides three steamers and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton safely stored in warehouses.



TARVER'S MILL, GEORGIA.



MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN AND STAFF BEFORE SAVANNAH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE W. BARNARD.]



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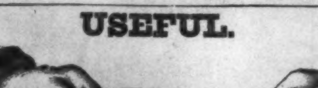

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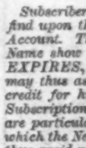

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